DEADPOOL MAX

DAVID LAPHAM • KYLE BAKER

NUT JOB

MAX COMICS

EXPLICIT CONTENT

MARVEL

DEADPOOL
MAX
NUTJOB

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Kyle Baker

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1

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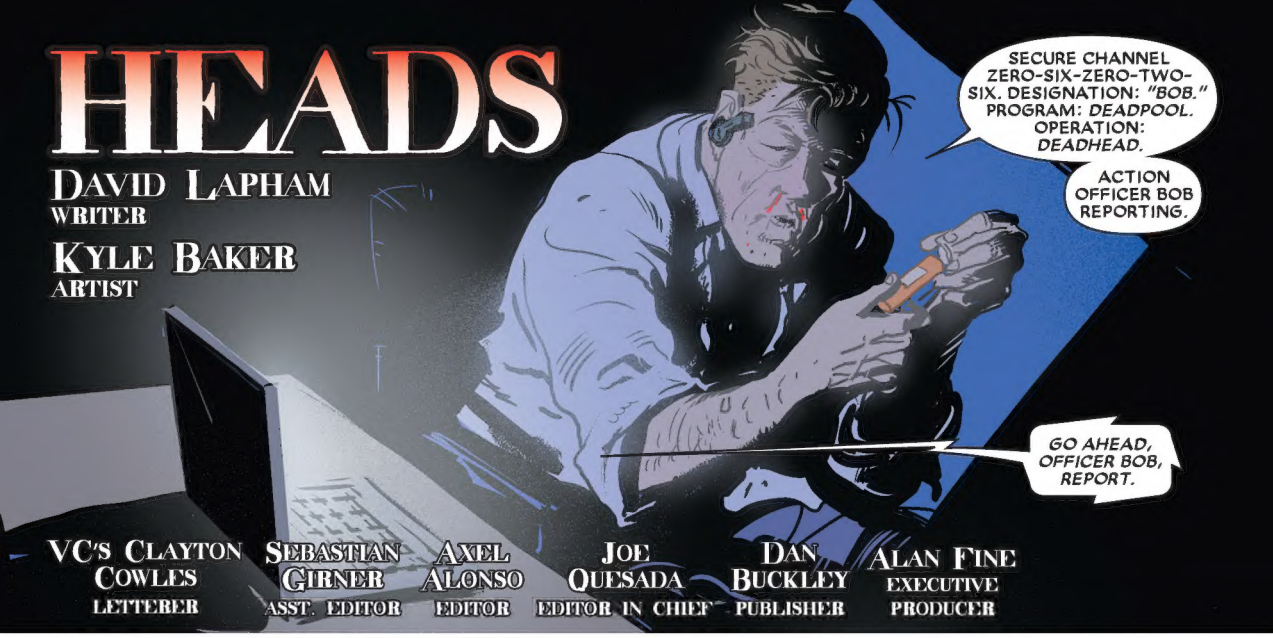
HEADS
DAVID LAPHAM
WRITER
KYLE BAKER
ARTIST
SECURE CHANNEL ZERO-SIX-ZERO-TWO-SIX. DESIGNATION: "BOB." PROGRAM: DEADPOOL. OPERATION: DEADHEAD.
ACTION OFFICER BOB REPORTING.
GO AHEAD, OFFICER BOB, REPORT.
VC'S CLAYTON COWLES
LETTERER
SEBASTIAN GIRNER
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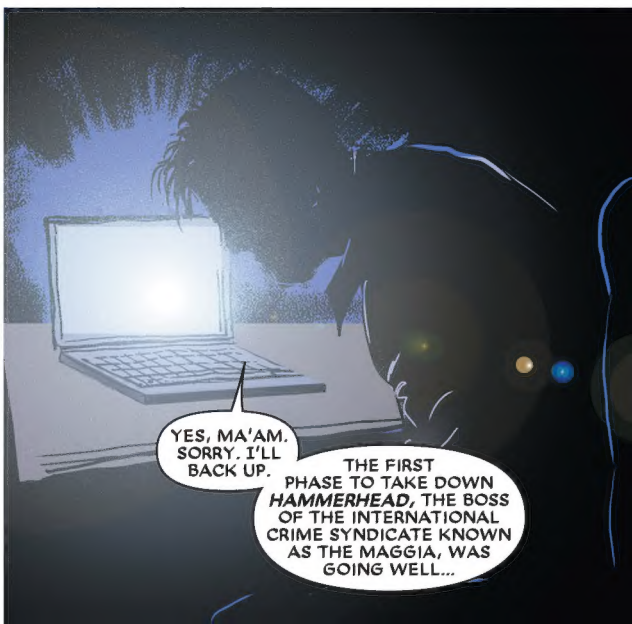
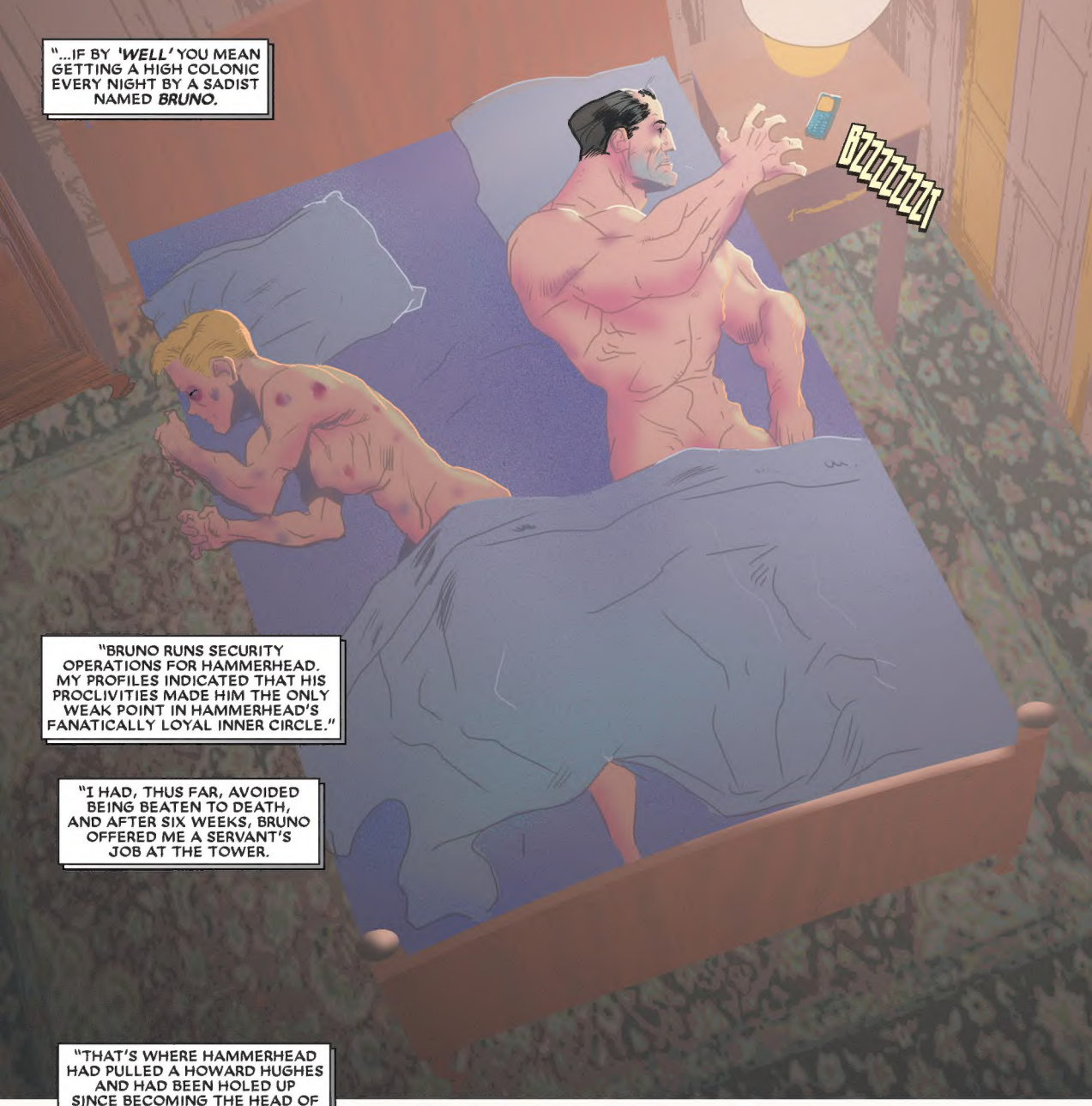
FIRST OFF, I'D LIKE MY PRE-OPERATION RESERVATIONS WITH OPERATIVE DEADPOOL NOTED.
AS I TOLD YOU, HE WAS RECKLESS, DISORGANIZED, UNFOCUSED, MENTALLY UNSTABLE, A BORDERLINE MORON...

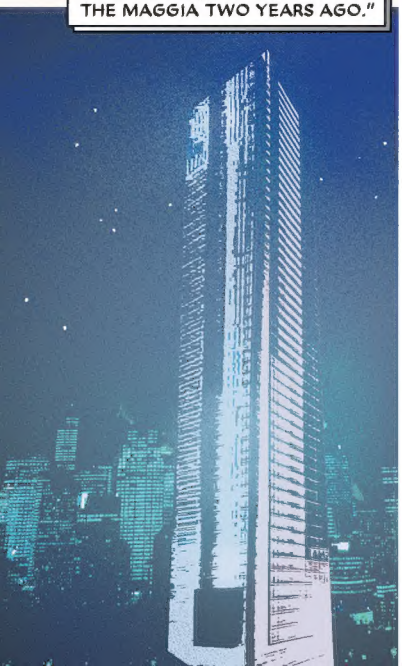
THIS TIME IT WAS CRUMPETS!
I WAS SUBJECTED TO UNSPEAKABLE HORRORS AND VERY NEARLY KILLED OVER A FUCKING CRUMPET-- OWW!
SLOW DOWN, OFFICER BOB.

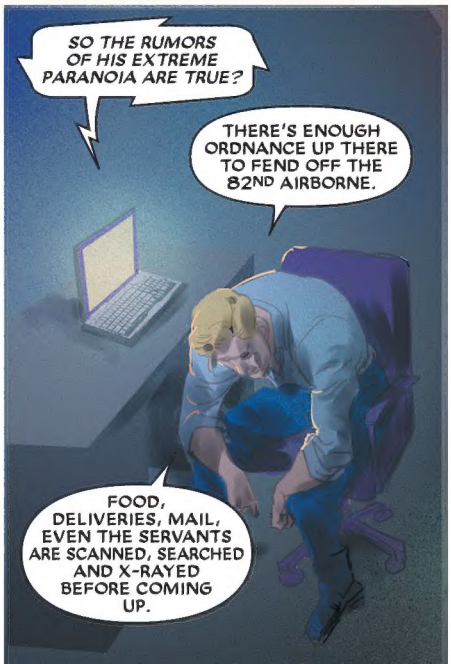
BY YOUR LAST REPORT, DEADHEAD WAS GOING EXACTLY AS PLANNED.

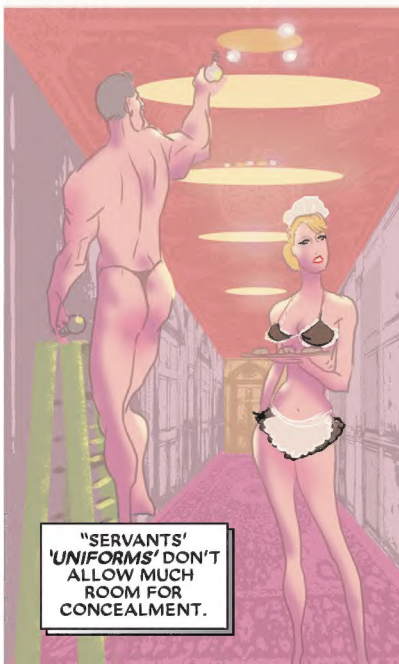

YES, MA'AM. SORRY. I'LL BACK UP.
THE FIRST PHASE TO TAKE DOWN HAMMERHEAD, THE BOSS OF THE INTERNATIONAL CRIME SYNDICATE KNOWN AS THE MAGGIA, WAS GOING WELL...

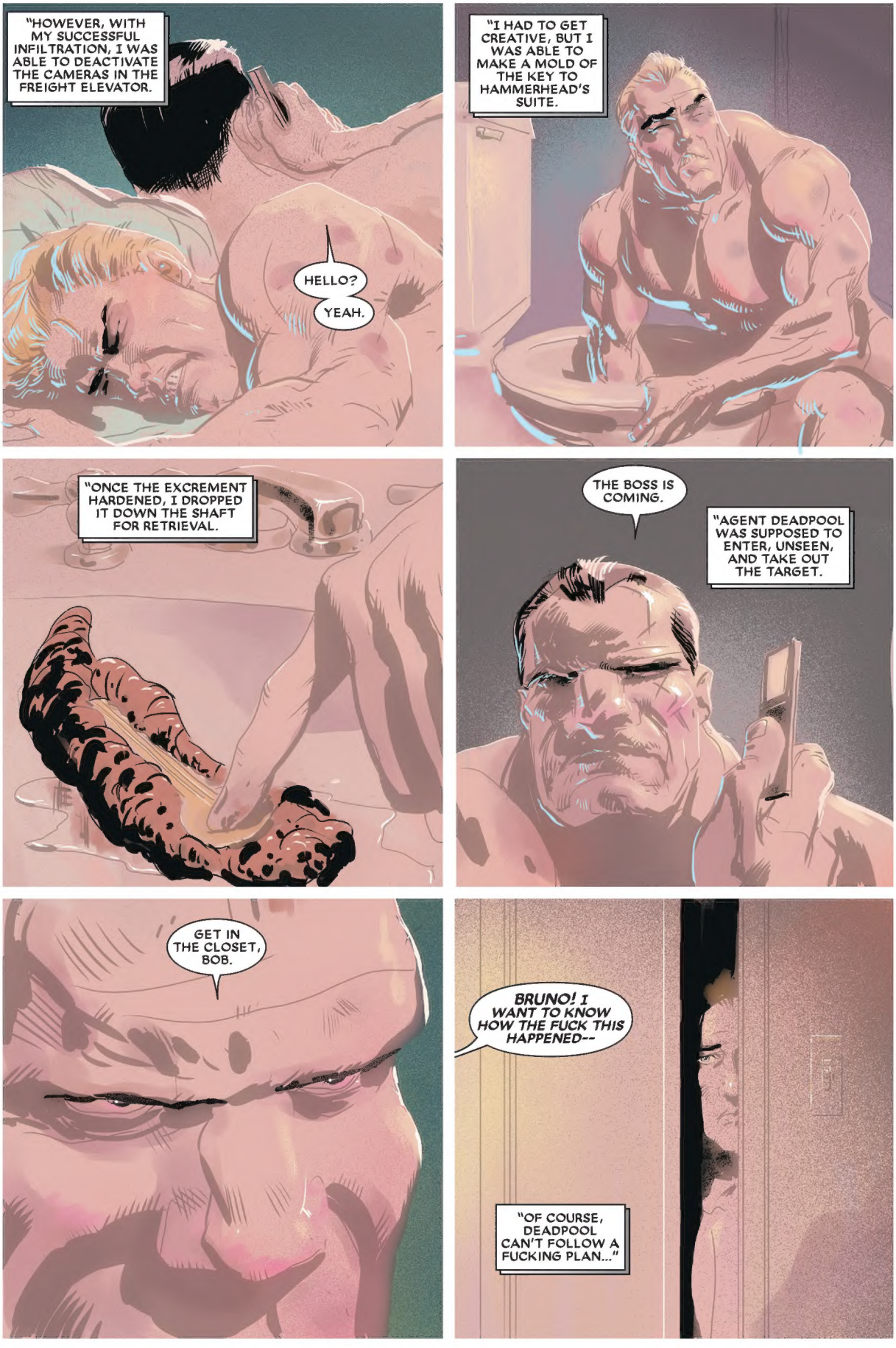

"...IF BY *'WELL'* YOU MEAN GETTING A HIGH COLONIC EVERY NIGHT BY A SADIST NAMED *BRUNO.*
BZZZZZZZZ
"BRUNO RUNS SECURITY OPERATIONS FOR HAMMERHEAD. MY PROFILES INDICATED THAT HIS PROCLIVITIES MADE HIM THE ONLY WEAK POINT IN HAMMERHEAD'S FANATICALLY LOYAL INNER CIRCLE."
"I HAD, THUS FAR, AVOIDED BEING BEATEN TO DEATH, AND AFTER SIX WEEKS, BRUNO OFFERED ME A SERVANT'S JOB AT THE TOWER.

"THAT'S WHERE HAMMERHEAD HAD PULLED A HOWARD HUGHES AND HAD BEEN HOLED UP SINCE BECOMING THE HEAD OF THE MAGGIA TWO YEARS AGO."




SO THE RUMORS OF HIS EXTREME PARANOIA ARE TRUE?
THERE'S ENOUGH ORDNANCE UP THERE TO FEND OFF THE 82ND AIRBORNE.
FOOD, DELIVERIES, MAIL, EVEN THE SERVANTS ARE SCANNED, SEARCHED AND X-RAYED BEFORE COMING UP.




"HOWEVER, WITH MY SUCCESSFUL INFILTRATION, I WAS ABLE TO DEACTIVATE THE CAMERAS IN THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR.
HELLO?
YEAH.
"I HAD TO GET CREATIVE, BUT I WAS ABLE TO MAKE A MOLD OF THE KEY TO HAMMERHEAD'S SUITE.
"ONCE THE EXCREMENT HARDENED, I DROPPED IT DOWN THE SHAFT FOR RETRIEVAL.
THE BOSS IS COMING.
"AGENT DEADPOOL WAS SUPPOSED TO ENTER, UNSEEN, AND TAKE OUT THE TARGET.
GET IN THE CLOSET, BOB.
BRUNO! I WANT TO KNOW HOW THE FUCK THIS HAPPENED--
"OF COURSE, DEADPOOL CAN'T FOLLOW A FUCKING PLAN..."

--AND I WANT TO KNOW RIGHT FUCKING NOW!
"THERE HE WAS. THE MAN THEY CALL HAMMERHEAD.
"THE MAN WHO KILLED HIS MOTHER COMING DOWN THE BIRTH CANAL AND HASN'T STOPPED SINCE.
"WHO MURDERED COUNTLESS MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN AS AN ENFORCER FOR THE GIOVANNI CRIME FAMILY.
"WHO REESTABLISHED TIES WITH SICILY, AND INCREASED THE INFLUENCE OF THE MAGGIA TENFOLD.
"THE MAN WHO STARED THE WORLD IN THE EYE AND DARED IT TO LOOK BACK.
"IT COULDN'T.
"THE MAN'S ONE UGLY-ASS MOTHERFUCKER."
WHAT THE FUCK, BOSS?
THIS GODDAMN NINJA FUCK JUST KILLED A HALF-DOZEN OF OUR FRIENDS COMING UP THE BACK STAIRS TO KILL ME.
HE SET OFF THE ALARMS?

YES, HE SET OFF THE GODDAMN ALARMS!
KLUD
"TONY TOOK HALF A DOZEN MEN DOWN AND GOT SLAUGHTERED.
"THEN WE LOST HIM FOR NEAR A HALF AN HOUR BEFORE EDDIE DISCOVERED HIM IN ONE OF THE DUCTS. BLED OUT FROM A GUT SHOT."
YOU'RE GODDAMN HEAD OF FUCKING SECURITY!
SPLYACH
HOW COME I'M BRINGING THIS FUCK TO YOUR DOORSTEP AND NOT YOU TO MINE!?
FIND OUT WHO HE IS AND WHERE THE FUCK HE COMES FROM OR I'LL RIP YOUR JAW OUT AND FUCK YOUR GODDAMN ESOPHAGUS.
SOMEBODY NEEDS REMINDING OF SOMETHING.

TWO HOURS LATER...
THEY CALL HIM DEADPOOL.

I GOT HIS RECORDS AND SPOKE TO THREE MARINES. IN IRAQ, THIS GUY WAS LEGENDARY. SPECIAL OPS FOR THE SPOOKS. THE C.I.A.
THEY SAID HE WAS UNKILLABLE.

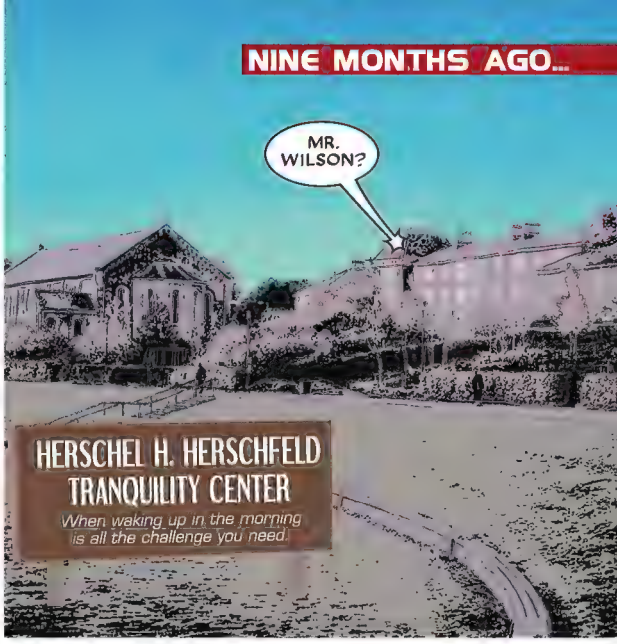
YEAH?
ONE GUY EVEN SAID HE SAW DEADPOOL GET HIS LEG BLOWN OFF.

SAID IT JUST GREW BACK.

"HE'S BEEN REPORTED DEAD OVER TWO DOZEN TIMES.
"LIKE THE TIME HE TOOK FORTY-TWO BULLETS AND STILL KILLED TWO DOZEN BOSSES AT OLD MAN MASSINO'S EIGHTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY PARTY.
"OR WHEN HE ASSASSINATED DIEGO ESQUEVEL, HEAD OF THE MEDELLÍN CARTEL, WHILE PLUMMETING FROM FORTY THOUSAND FEET.
"REFUSING A PARACHUTE BECAUSE IT MIGHT '*THROW OFF HIS AIM*'...
"THEY SAY THE YAKUZA BELIEVES HE'S POSSESSED BY A DEMON.
"THEY TATTOO HIS IMAGE ON THE DICKS OF THEIR SOLDIERS SO THEY NEVER FORGET TO BE VIGILANT.
"AND ALL THAT PANIC WHEN THE NORTH KOREANS WERE DOING ALL THOSE MISSILE TESTS...
"...AND THEN THEY JUST STOPPED?"

UNKILLABLE, MY ASS.
YOU SEE ANY LITTLE ARMS AND LEGS GROWING FROM UP UNDER THERE, BRUNO?
THE LAW CAN'T TOUCH ME SO THEY'RE BRINGING OUT THE SPOOK SHIT.
CUT THIS FUCKER UP IN FIFTY PIECES AND MAIL THEM BACK.
BACK WHERE?
LANGLEY, THE FBI, GRACIE MANSION...HELL, TO THE GODDAMN WHITE HOUSE.
MAYBE ALL THE KING'S MEN CAN PUT HIM BACK TOGETHER AGAIN. *HA!*

SO YOU GOT OPERATIVE DEADPOOL KILLED?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MA'AM? YOU CAN'T KILL "SUPER AGENT DEADPOOL."
"CUT OFF MY ARM, A STRONGER ARM GROWS. CUT OFF MY HEAD, A SMARTER HEAD GROWS. CUT OFF MY DICK--"
OKAY, BOB.


NINE MONTHS AGO...
MR. WILSON?
HERSCHEL H. HERSCHFELD TRANQUILITY CENTER
When waking up in the morning is all the challenge you need.

HELLO?

WADE? MR. DEADPOOL?
MY NAME IS BOB.

WHEW...YOU TOOK A BIT OF TRACKING DOWN. OUR RECORDS ON YOU END THREE YEARS AGO. AFTER YOUR DISCHARGE.

YOUR SERVICE RECORD READ LIKE SOMETHING FROM A MOVIE.
QUITE AMAZING.
UM...WELL, DESPITE THE UNFORTUNATE ENDING TO YOUR SERVICE, WE'D LIKE TO OFFER YOU A SECOND CHANCE. A MAN WITH YOUR SKILLS--
SHHHH...
WHAT ARE WE DOING?
LAYING A TRAP?
FOR WHO?
THE GREAT HYDRA.
WHAT IF I TOLD YOU I USED TO WORK FOR THE GREAT HYDRA, AND CAN HELP YOU GET HIM?
THE TWELVE HEADED SERPENT, EH?!
AHHHH!

CRASH
WHAM
WOAH!
BOOBIES!

RIGHT FROM THE START, IT WAS AS PLAIN AS THE FRICKIN' NOSE ON MY FACE. MORON. A DAMN FREAKING'--
BOB, GET CONTROL OF YOURSELF.

SORRY, DIRECTOR.
WHY DIDN'T YOU SCRUB THE MISSION?
FOR ONE, I'M A PRO.
ALSO, HAMMERHEAD LOCKED EVERYTHING DOWN, AND HIS FUCKING IMMORTALNESS WAS IN NO SHAPE TO HELP ME....

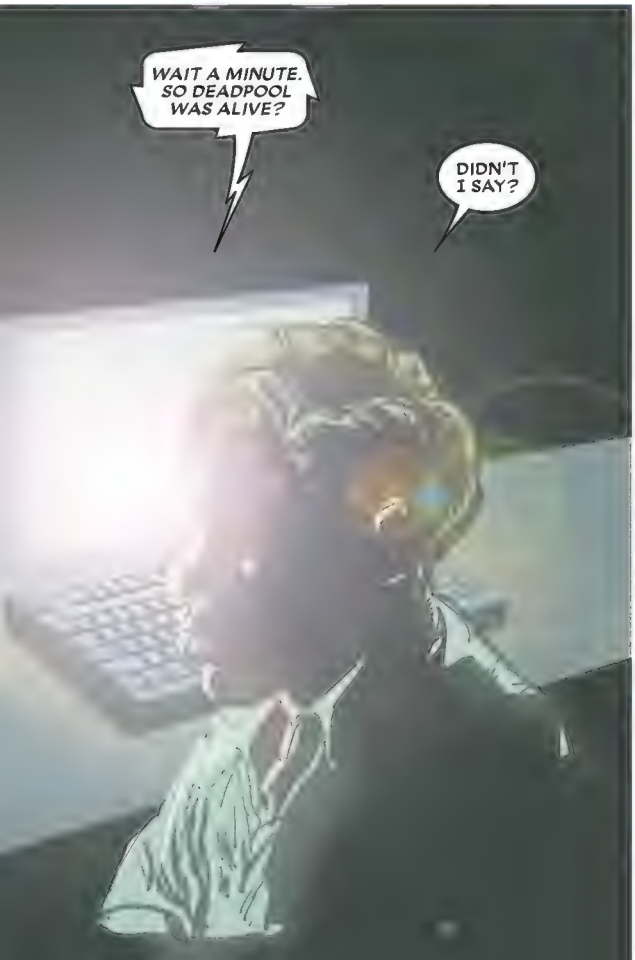
"AFTER MY THIRD BODY CAVITY SEARCH OF THE DAY, I GOT KIND OF A CRAZY IDEA."

"WORKED LIKE A CHARM."
I DON'T FUCKIN' WANT TO HEAR IT. YOU FIND THE GODDAMN THING IN THE NEXT FIVE FUCKIN' MINUTES OR I BUST YOUR GODDAMN FAGGOT FACES...
"BRUNO GOT A BUSTED LIP AND AN APPOINTMENT FOR SOME DENTAL WORK.
"AND TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER, THEY STILL HADN'T FOUND THE HEAD.
"AND EVERY HOUR, HAMMERHEAD GOT WORSE. LIKE THE IDEA CRAWLED UP UNDER HIS SKIN AND DIED.
"HE WENT NUTS. PACING THE HALLS. HE COULDN'T SLEEP, SO NO ONE SLEPT.
"THE RUMOR WAS HE THOUGHT THE HEAD WAS GOING TO GET HIM SOMEHOW.
BAM
HOLD HIM GODDAMN STILL!
I CAN'T-- URGHK
"BUT TIME WAS RUNNING OUT, THANKS TO BRUNO.
"HE WAS STUDYING THAT SECURITY TAPE OVER AND OVER."

"SOMETHING WASN'T SITTING RIGHT WITH HIM."
HOLD HIM STILL!
THE GREAT HYDRA SHALL FALL THIS DAY!
HE MISSED.
BRUNO, HONEY, I'M... UM...HOME.
BOB, WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A BITCH WITH TWO BLACK EYES?
WHAT?
NOTHING. YOU ALREADY TOLD HIM TWICE. GET ON THE FUCKING BED.
C-CRUMPET?
YOU THINK I'M STUPID?
I WATCHED THE TAPE. TONY NEVER SHOT DEADPOOL. HOW DID HE BLEED OUT THEN?
THEN I COUNT THE BODIES. SIX BODIES, BUT THERE ARE SEVEN MEN ON THE TAPE. TONY AND SIX.
SO WHERE IS THE SEVENTH BODY?

IN *MANY PIECES*, EH?
SPLOSH

WHO DO YOU WORK FOR? WHERE IS THE REAL DEADPOOL? TAKE ME TO HIM NOW, MOTHERFUCKER!


WAIT A MINUTE. SO DEADPOOL WAS ALIVE?
DIDN'T I SAY?

"THE PLAN WAS TO GET ONE OF THE DEAD BODIES IN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT, WHERE I DISABLE THE CAMERAS, AND DRESS HIM UP LIKE DEADPOOL.
"THEN THE REAL DEADPOOL COULD HIDE OUT UNTIL THINGS COOLED DOWN, AND THEN GO AFTER THE TARGET.

"ONLY DUMBASS DEADPOOL HIDES OUT IN THE WINE CELLAR AND GETS CROCKED.
"WHEN I FIND HIM, HE'S PUKING HIS GUTS OUT AND DECLARING HIS LOVE FOR INGA, THE CRUMPET BAKER."
I CAME UP WITH THE HEAD THING TO STALL FOR TIME.
THEN I RAN OUT OF TIME.
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
BRUNO!
YOU BROUGHT ME IN, BRUNO. IF HE FINDS THAT HEAD IN HERE...
GET IN THE FUCKING CLOSET OR YOU DIE TOO.
"I HID, BUT ONCE BRUNO TOLD THE BOSS ABOUT THE RUSE, IT WAS GAME OVER.
COMING, BOSS!
"THEN I GOT A BREAK."
BOSS, I WAS JUST REVIEWING THE--
GUHHNN!

I TOOK YOUR FAGGOT ASS IN WHEN YOU WERE IN THE GUTTER, BRUNO!
WHEN EVEN THE OLD PERVERTS WOULDN'T PAY YOU TO SUCK COCK--
--I TOOK YOU IN!
AND ALL I ASK FOR IS LOYALTY AND THE TINIEST BIT OF COMPETENCE.
BODSS, WISSON?
BODSS...BODSS... D'DAPE, BODSS. IT DON' ABB UP.
I CAN'T SLEEP, I KEEP SEEIN' HEADS WITH LASER BEAM EYES. DO YOU CARE?
"THIS WAS IT. SHIT OR BUST."
DO YOU!?
TONY'S DUN OEDY FIRED DUN TIME! DUN TIME AN' EE MIDST!
SPEAK ENGLISH, MOTHERFUCKER!
WHOOPS!
WHAT THE--?

OH, MY...
CRUMPET...?

DOSS?
THE C.I.A.'S SENDING SEVERED HEADS TO KILL ME, BRUNO, AND YOU'RE GETTING YOUR DICK BRONZED?

KRUNCH

BOSS, LOOK!
I SEE IT. SO THIS WAS ALL A LOAD OF BULLSHIT?
NO! WAIT! PLEASE!

SAVE IT. IT'S OVER. I'D ASK YOU WHO YOU WORK FOR, BUT I REALLY DON'T CARE.
TOMORROW, I SEND A MESSAGE TO ALL THEM DUMBFUCKS THAT FORGOT WHO THEY'RE DEALING WITH.
THEY WANT TO GO TO BED AT NIGHT THINKING THE WORLD IS GOOD AND SAFE?
THEN THEY NEED TO LEARN TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY, AND PRAY I GIVE IT TO THEM.
GIVE HIM THE HEAD.
JESUS, MARY, JOSEPH...
OKAY, ASSHOLE, YOU'LL GET ABOUT FOUR SECONDS TO MAKE YOUR REGENERATING FRIEND SPROUT WINGS BEFORE YOU HIT THE FUCKIN' PAVEMENT.
TOSS HIM.
GOT IT, BOSS.
SHUKT

HANG ON, BOB.
IMMA COMIN' FOR YOU!

BLAM

THUNK

SHUNK

SPARCH

SHUNK

WHUMP

THUMP
WELL, THAT'S THAT.
THE FIRST OF HYDRA'S MANY HEADS HAS FALLEN.
UH... YEAH...
YOU'RE NAKED, BOB.
IF YOU WANT TO REMAIN EMPLOYED AS MY OPERATIVE, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO WEAR A PROPER UNIFORM.
WHAT?
ME IN *YOUR* EMPLOY?
ALSO, YOU TAKE MY CRUMPETS AGAIN, AND I START SEVERING VITAL ARTERIES.
HOW ELSE WAS I SUPPOSED TO GET YOU TO COME FINISH THE MISSION, YOU DRUNKEN PSYCHO?

HE'S INSANE.
BOB, I THINK YOU'D BE MORE APPRECIATIVE. HE ACCOMPLISHED THE MISSION AND SAVED YOUR LIFE.

BUT ONLY BECAUSE I STALLED FOR TIME, AND GOT THE SHIT BEAT OUT OF ME AND RAPED. I DID THE REAL WORK!
H-HE THINKS I WORK FOR HIM, AND--AND EVERY TARGET WE GO AFTER IS PART OF SOME BIG CONSPIRACY CALLED HYDRA!
DEADPOOL IS A UNIQUE OPERATIVE WITH AN UNMATCHED SKILL SET.

YOU'RE HIS HANDLER. YOU'LL DO WHATEVER IS REQUIRED TO KEEP HIM HAPPY AND TO GET THE JOB DONE.

BOTTOM LINE. YOU'RE EXPENDABLE, BOB; HE IS NOT.
AND IF I RESIGN?
I THINK WE BOTH KNOW WHAT HAPPENS THEN.

KLIK

I'M SO FUCKED.
NEXT - AS INEZ DOES

DEADPOOL MAX #2

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DEADPOOL MAX

David Lapham
Kyle Baker

MAX COMICS

EXPLICIT CONTENT

2

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AM I NOT THE SEXIEST FUCKING WOMAN YOU HAVE EVER SEEN IN YOUR MISERABLE FUCKING LIFE?
As Inez Does (A Love Story)
David Lapham Writer
Kyle Baker Artist
VC's Clayton Cowles Letterer
ACTUALLY WHAT SHE SAID WAS, "IN ALL MY YEARS AS A MENTAL HEALTH PROFESSIONAL, I HAVE NEVER MET SOMEONE WITH MORE PERSONALITY DISORDERS THAN YOU."
BUT I KNOW WHAT SHE REALLY MEANT.
Sebastian Girner - Asst. Editor
Axel Alonso - Editor
Joe Quesada - Editor in Chief
Dan Buckley - Publisher
Alan Fine - Exec. Producer

HER NAME WAS INEZ.
I'M GOING TO SAY A WORD AND YOU SAY THE FIRST THING THAT COMES TO MIND.
LONELINESS.

MONLINESS.
FATHER.
MATHER.
MOTHER.
ORANGE.

ORANGE?
ORANGE.
SEARING FLESH AND HIDEOUS SCREAMS OF UNIMAGINABLE PAIN.
OR PORANGE. YOU PICK.
I WANT YOU DEEP INSIDE ME, YOU LUSCIOUS HUNK OF MAN MEAT.
ACTUALLY, WHAT SHE SAID WAS, "WHAT'S YOUR STRONGEST CHILDHOOD MEMORY?"
MY DAD LIKED BASEBALL.
BIG FAN.

ALRIGHT, BOSS, WE GOT US A NEW LEAD--
YES?
WHO THE HELL ARE *YOU?*
I AM DOCTOR INE--
BOB?
FORGIVE MY LACKEY, BOB, DR. INEZ. HE USED TO WORK FOR EVIL.
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE--?
YOU KNOW WHAT? FORGET IT. JUST SADDLE UP. WE'RE HEADED TO WISCONSIN. SOME WHITE SUPREMACIST CULT LEADER NAMED *ZEMO'S* VOWING TO KILL EVERY NIGGER, SPIC, DYKE, KIKE, GOOK, AND HOMO IN THE COUNTRY.
HIS WORDS, NOT MINE.
HE'S JUST ACQUIRED ENOUGH SARIN GAS TO BE SERIOUS--
I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU, BOB, BUT I'M GOING TO BE GOING AWAY FOR A WHILE.

MR. WILSON HAS A HOST OF SEVERE DISORDERS. SCHIZOTYPAL, PARANOID, ANTISOCIAL, NARCISSISTIC, AND HISTRIONIC TO NAME A FEW.
DR. INEZ? AREN'T YOU THE LADY WITH THE MISSING CAT I POLITELY ASKED TO LEAVE AN HOUR AGO?

I-I-- B-BUT...
WHAT IF I TOLD YOU ZEMO'S IN LEAGUE WITH THE *GREAT HYDRA?*

REALLY?
COME, MR. WILSON. I NEED TO GET YOU INTO BED AND SCREW YOUR BRAINS OUT BEFORE MY HEAD EXPLODES.
"I NEED TO GET YOU TO A SAFE ENVIRONMENT BEFORE YOU BECOME A DANGER TO YOURSELF AND SOCIETY."

I'LL BE GODDAMNED IF SHE'S GOING TO STEAL MY AGENT...

Inez loves Deadpool!
SHIT.

ALRIGHT, LADY...
...I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE--
OH!
GUHHH!!
EVIL IS ALWAYS SO PREDICTABLE.
AH-AHHHHHHH!
WORK ON YOUR PROBLEMS, BOB.
MAYBE WE SHOULD TAKE HIM WITH US?
I'M NOT INTO THREESOMES.
"FIRST YOU HELP YOURSELF. THEN YOU MAY HELP OTHERS."

MANY YEARS AGO...
LORD! I KNOW. GODDAMN POLACKS. I'M GOING TO KAMINSKI'S FROM NOW ON. IT'S A LITTLE FARTHER, BUT SCREW THEM.
AND THAT BUTCHER, JAKUB? ...MMM...MUSCLES THE SIZE OF BOWLING BALLS.
VRROOOM!

UH-UH...NOT TRUE. TRUST ME, MARGIE...
ALL I'M SAYIN' IS THEIR KIELBASA AIN'T ALL THAT'S THE BIGGEST IN THE CITY.

WHAT THE GODDAMN FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, WADE?!
YOU THINK YOUR FATHER WORKS HIS BALLS OFF SO YOU CAN GO EATIN' ALL HIS ORANGES?
D-DADDY'S NOT HERE.

LISTEN, MARGIE, I'LL CALL YOU BACK.

OKAY, LITTLE MAN, YOU WANT A BITE OF THIS BIG, JUICY ORANGE?...
...YOU GOTTA DO SOMETHING FOR ME...

DON'T BE SCARED. WE CAN'T HAVE WILD SWEATY SEX UNTIL YOU REMOVE YOUR MASK, MR. WILSON.
"WE CAN'T BEGIN THE WORK OF HEALING UNTIL YOU'VE REVEALED YOUR TRUE SELF."
GOOD TIMES...
Sunshine Rest Home
Where peace and tranquility run free
NOT PRETTY, I KNOW, DOC.
I'M SURE YOU'LL BE SCREAMING AND RUNNING OUT OF THE ROOM, BUT LET ME TELL YA, YOU'VE BEEN SWELL.
NOT MANY A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN SUCH AS YOURSELF WOULD EXTEND HERSELF LIKE YOU DID TO ME. DOCTOR OR NO.
OH, GOD...
I'M MIGHTY GLAD TO HAVE MET YOU.
YOU'RE... GORGEOUS...
SHUT YOUR MOUTH, YOU UGLY WHORE!
DADDY, NO--EEEE!

MMMPH!
UM...LISTEN, DOC. YOU KNOW ALL THAT STUFF YOU SAID ABOUT ME BEING SICK AND ALL.
YES, DARLING?
WELL, WHEN YOU WERE SAYING THAT, I KIND OF IMAGINED YOU WERE SAYING...WELL... SEXY THINGS.
LIKE "AM I NOT THE SEXIEST FUCKING WOMAN YOU HAVE EVER SEEN IN YOUR MISERABLE FUCKING LIFE"?
AND "I WANT YOU DEEP INSIDE ME, YOU LUSCIOUS HUNK OF MAN MEAT"?
YEAH. THAT'S WHAT I--
HEY! YOU MEAN YOU REALLY SAID THAT STUFF?
SO IT TURNS OUT I'M NOT THE CRAZY ONE AT ALL.
YOU BET YOUR SWEET BIPPY I DID.
SHE IS.
BUT SHE WAS MY KIND OF CRAZY.

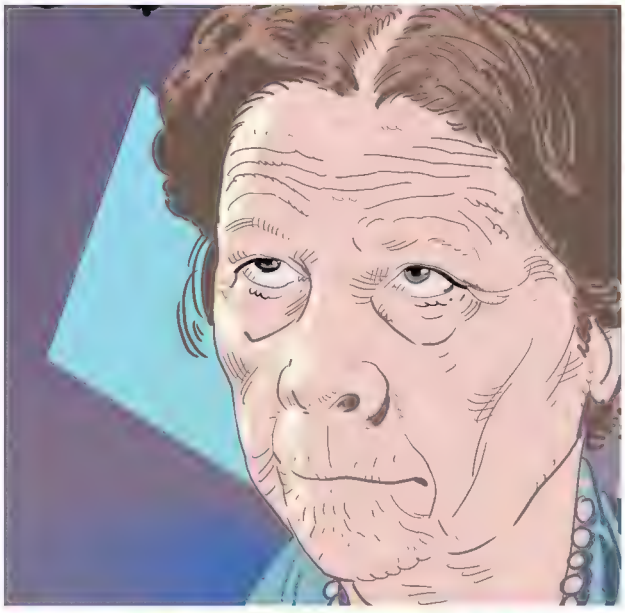
FIVE HOURS EARLIER...
YOUR ONLY PURPOSE IS TO GET AGENT DEADPOOL IN THE FIELD WHEN HIS COUNTRY NEEDS HIM.
IF YOU DO NOT SERVE YOUR PURPOSE, YOU WILL BE REPLACED.

IF YOU ARE REPLACED, YOUR EXISTENCE IS NO LONGER USEFUL IN THE WORLD, OFFICER BOB. ARE WE CLEAR?
YES, MA'AM.

HELLO, MA'AM. I'M LOOKING FOR ONE OF YOUR PATIENTS. HIS NAME IS WADE WILSON.
VISITING HOURS ARE ON TUESDAYS AND THURSDAYS.

TODAY *IS* TUESDAY.
IT'S AFTER VISITING HOURS.
UM...LOOK IS THERE ANY WAY--
YOU CAN OFFER ME SEX.

YOU'RE KIDDING ME?



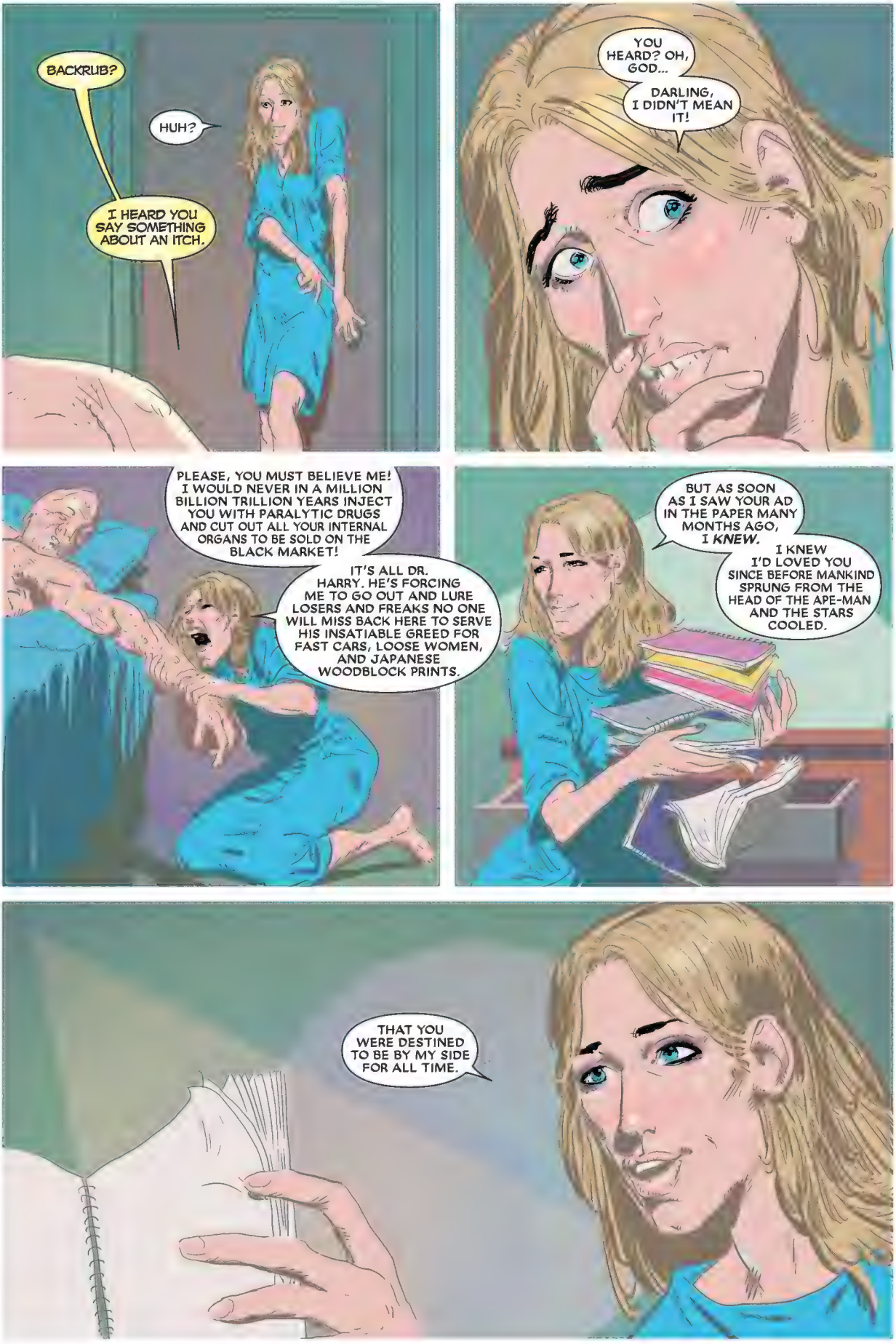
PERVERTED OLD BAG!
I WILL NOT. I WILL NOT BE A GODDAMN GIGOLO. NEVER AGAIN...

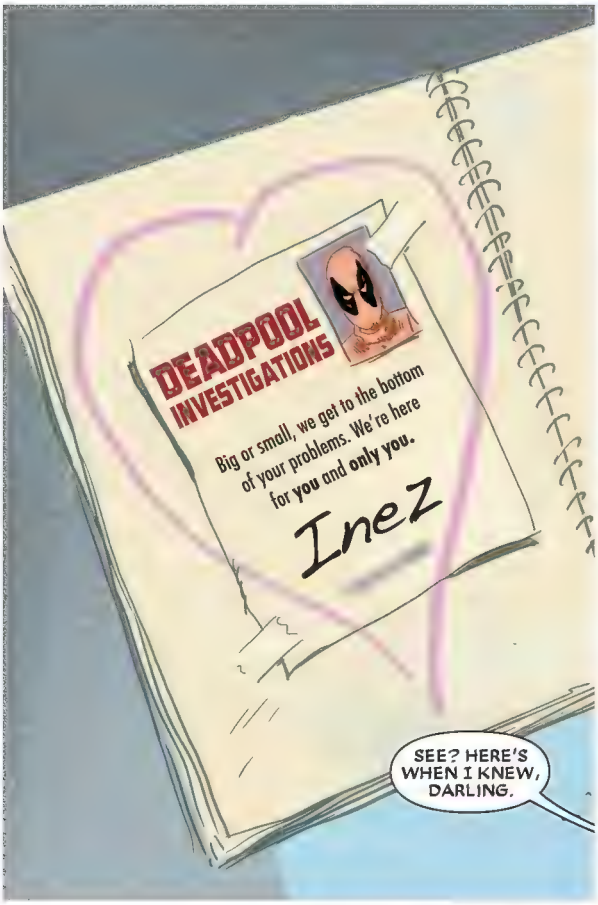
WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT?
STANLEY LIKES YOUR POKER FACE.

ME AND STANLEY CAN HELP YOU GET IN.
WE'RE DOCTORS.

MICKEY, IT AIN'T--
YOU'RE A WHORE.
BUT I ALWAYS KNEW THAT. IT'S WHY I MARRIED YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE.
BUT YOU! MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD?!
N-NOT THE BAT, DAD, PLEASE!
FUCK THE BAT, YOU JUDAS.
YOU'RE GONNA REMEMBER THIS DAY FOREVER.
TELL ME ANOTHER ONE, BABY. YOUR STORIES TURN ME ON LIKE A BITCH IN HEAT.
"ONLY THROUGH HONESTY CAN WE BEGIN THE WORK OF TRUE HEALING."
I KNOW SHE REALLY DIDN'T SAY THAT, BUT I LIKED THINKING THIS WAS ALL HELPING ME SOMEHOW.
WELL, DOC, BELIEVE IT OR NOT MY FACE DIDN'T LOOK TOO BAD AFTER THAT. LATER THOUGH, WHEN I WENT TO THE ORPHANAGE--
INEZ?
CAN I TALK TO YOU FOR A MINUTE?

I'M BUSY!
JUST A QUICK SECOND.
I CERTAINLY FELT HELPED. FELT BETTER THAN I HAD IN FOREVER.
EVEN THOUGH IT TURNED OUT INEZ WASN'T EVEN A REAL DOCTOR.
GRRRR.
I KNOW, YOU COULD HAVE KNOCKED ME OVER WITH A FEATHER, TOO. I MEAN, SHE KNEW ALL THOSE BIG WORDS!
BUT SHE'D SEEN THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY OF ME, AND SHE STILL SHE LOVED ME.
NO.
BUT--
AND SHE DIDN'T EVEN ASK FOR MONEY.
I'M NOT DONE WITH HIM YET.
INEZ, YOU KNOW THE PROCEDURE.
HE'S DIFFERENT. TELL DR. HARRY, I STILL HAVE THE ITCH.
I HAD FOUND THE WOMAN I WAS GOING TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE WITH.
HE CAN HAVE HIM AND ALL HIS ORGANS WHEN I'M GOOD AND DONE GETTING IT SCRATCHED.


BACKRUB?
HUH?
I HEARD YOU SAY SOMETHING ABOUT AN ITCH.
YOU HEARD? OH, GOD...
DARLING, I DIDN'T MEAN IT!
PLEASE, YOU MUST BELIEVE ME! I WOULD NEVER IN A MILLION BILLION TRILLION YEARS INJECT YOU WITH PARALYTIC DRUGS AND CUT OUT ALL YOUR INTERNAL ORGANS TO BE SOLD ON THE BLACK MARKET!
IT'S ALL DR. HARRY. HE'S FORCING ME TO GO OUT AND LURE LOSERS AND FREAKS NO ONE WILL MISS BACK HERE TO SERVE HIS INSATIABLE GREED FOR FAST CARS, LOOSE WOMEN, AND JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINTS.
BUT AS SOON AS I SAW YOUR AD IN THE PAPER MANY MONTHS AGO, I *KNEW.*
I KNEW I'D LOVED YOU SINCE BEFORE MANKIND SPRUNG FROM THE HEAD OF THE APE-MAN AND THE STARS COOLED.
THAT YOU WERE DESTINED TO BE BY MY SIDE FOR ALL TIME.


DEADPOOL
INVESTIGATIONS
Big or small, we get to the bottom of your problems. We're here for you and only you.
Inez
SEE? HERE'S WHEN I KNEW, DARLING.

YOU DID ALL THIS FOR ME?
I DIDN'T QUITE GET THAT MIDDLE PART ABOUT THE APES AND WHATNOT...

BUT THIS...
Inez loves Deadpool!
I KNEW EXACTLY WHAT ALL THIS MEANT.

IN...ALL THESE BOOKS? THE SAME?
OH, THERE ARE LOTS MORE. THE NURSES THROW THEM AWAY EVERY THURSDAY.
BUT I START RIGHT UP AGAIN FRIDAY MORNING.

YOU'RE *SURE* THERE'S NO LOWER WINDOW?
THIS ONE HAS NO ALARM.
STANLEY PECKED IT OFF AND I ATE IT BEFORE ANYONE NOTICED.
WHATEVER...
GODDAMN MENTAL--
WHOOPS!
KRASH
ARRRGH!
SHIT! I...I THINK I BROKE MY ANKLE.
HEY! THE DOOR'S LOCKED.
UM...GUY... CAN YOU COME AROUND THE OTHER SIDE AND OPEN IT?
WE CAUGHT ONE, STANLEY. DR. HARRY WILL BE SO PROUD.
÷TWEET÷
WE CAN GET TO DO THINGS TO HIM JUST LIKE INEZ DOES.
I'LL GET THE BLOW TORCH.

Dr. HARRY LIPPER
DIRECTOR
WHAT DO YOU MEAN SHE REFUSES?!
DON'T YELL AT ME! I DON'T CLAIM TO HAVE "COMPLETE CONTROL" OVER THESE NUT JOBS' MINDS.
SORRY. SORRY... WELL, WHAT DO WE DO? INEZ IS THE LINCHPIN OF THE WHOLE SET-UP.
NONE OF THESE OTHER CROSS-EYED RETARDS CAN LURE MEN BACK HERE.
YOU MAY HAVE TO WAIT TILL SHE GETS BORED OF HIM.
I-I HAVE ORDERS. NATHAN SUMMERS NEEDS A SPLEEN, HEART, AND LIVER BY TONIGHT!
YOU KNOW WHAT A MAN THAT POWERFUL COULD DO TO US?
LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM.
NO, WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM. WHY DO YOU THINK I HAVE YOU SIGN ALL THOSE REPORTS?
YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE! I SUCKED YOUR DISGUSTING DICK, AND YOU DO THIS TO ME?!
WE'RE IN IT TOGETHER NOW. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO GET RID OF INEZ AND FIGURE OUT A NEW PLAN TOMORROW.

WHOOP WHOOP WHOOP
THE ALARM!
SOMEONE'S BREACHED THE COLD STORAGE ROOM!

SEE? SEE, DARLING. DON'T THEY JUST MAKE YOU HOT?!
"TRUE HEALING BEGINS WITH TOUCHING OUR INSIDES AND BRINGING THEM FORTH."
I SAW, ALL RIGHT. STANDING THERE, HOLDING SOME POOR SCHMUCK'S HEART IN MY HAND I SAW A LOT.

I HAD A REVELATION. AN *EPIPHANY*, IF YOU WILL.
INEZ, YOU ARE ONE HELL OF A PRETEND DOCTOR...

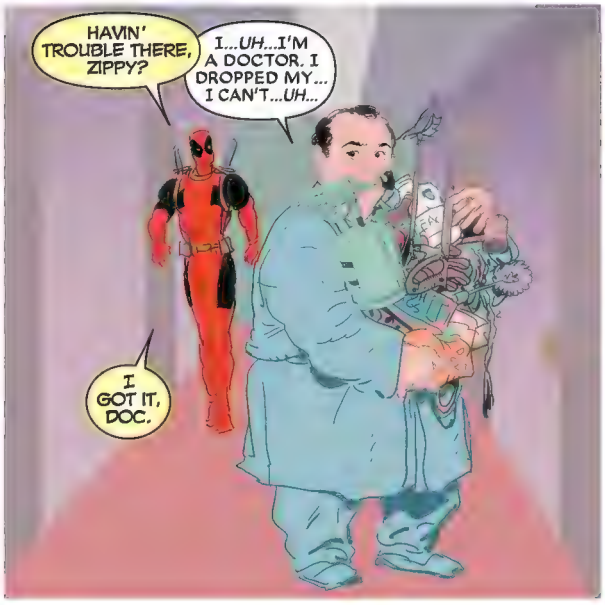
OH, MY DEAR, SWEET BOY.

LOOK AT YOU. SO AWFUL.
WHAT YOU WENT THROUGH TO PROTECT YOUR MOTHER.
WADE, I WANT YOU TO KNOW, I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU DID FOR ME AND JAKUB.
HI.
PROTECTING OUR SECRET... LETTING YOUR FATHER THINK...IT CHOKES ME UP.
IF YOUR FATHER KNEW, HE'D HAVE KILLED JAKUB.
MOMMY HAS TO GO AWAY NOW, AND I'M PROBABLY NEVER EVER COMING BACK.
YOU TAKE CARE, SON.
OH, I ALMOST FORGOT. THESE ARE FOR YOU.

I SAW MY LIFE. PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE ALL AS ONE.
NO LONGER WAS I A FRACTURED BEING.
ALRIGHT, HANDS UP, BOTH OF YOU!
DR. INEZ.
OH JESUS! SHIT! BABY, IT'S *HIM!* IT'S DR. HARRY!
NO LONGER WAS MY PAST SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED TO ANOTHER KID.
OH, PLEASE, DR. HARRY, LET ME KEEP HIM. I'M IN LOVE!
SHUT UP, INEZ. YOU BLEW IT. I TRUSTED YOU. I LET YOU HAVE DOUBLE FRUIT CUPS AND ACCESS TO THE CLEAN BATHROOM.
ONE WHO LIKED ORANGES.
IN THAT MOMENT, I BECAME WHOLE.
INEZ.
I BECAME SANE.
YOU! SORRY, PAL, BUT I GOT A PURCHASE ORDER FOR YOUR INSIDES.
NINJA SANE.
NOTHING PERSONAL--
GUH-AHH!

CHUNT
UHHAHHH!
KRACK
HUK!
SNAP
YOU! YOU A REAL NURSE?
Y-YES.
GET SOME ORDERLIES IN HERE WITH ONE OF THEM BACKWARDS COATS.
RIGHT AWAY.
DARLING. THANK GOD YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.

LISTEN, BABY. I'M AFRAID THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE FOR YOU AND ME.
WH-WHAT?!
WAS IT SOMETHING I *SAID?* SOMETHING I *DID?*
YOU'RE NUTTIER THAN A FRUITCAKE, BABY, AND MORE CLINGING THAN PLASTIC WRAP.
BUT WHAT YOU REALLY DID WAS A HELL OF A GOOD JOB.
I DID?
SURE.
YOU MADE ME REALIZE SOME STUFF ABOUT MYSELF. STUFF THAT'D BEEN MAKING ME CRAZY FOR A LONG TIME.
BUT I'M ***CURED*** NOW. I'M AS SANE AS THE BUTCHER, THE BAKER, OR THE CANDLESTICK MAKER.
BUT YOU'RE STILL NUTS.
DARLING...?
I LOVE YA, BABY, BUT IT'LL NEVER WORK BETWEEN US.
SEE YA IN THE FUNNY PAPERS.


HAVIN' TROUBLE THERE, ZIPPY?
I...UH...I'M A DOCTOR. I DROPPED MY... I CAN'T...UH...
I GOT IT, DOC.

MMMPH!
OH! HI, BOB.

YOU'RE IN GOOD HANDS HERE, BOB.

YOU GOT YOUR WORK CUT OUT FOR YOU WITH THAT ONE, DOC.
HEH.

YEAH, THEY MAY BE STEALING A FEW ORGANS, AND IT SMELLS LIKE PEE PEE, BUT Y'KNOW, I KINDA LIKE THIS PLACE.
THEIR METHODS ARE A LITTLE UNORTHODOX, BUT DAMN IF THEY DON'T GET RESULTS.
NEXT: HEIL ZEMO!

DEADPOOL MAX #3

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DEADPOOL MAX

MAX COMICS

EXPLICIT CONTENT

3

David Lapham

Kyle Baker

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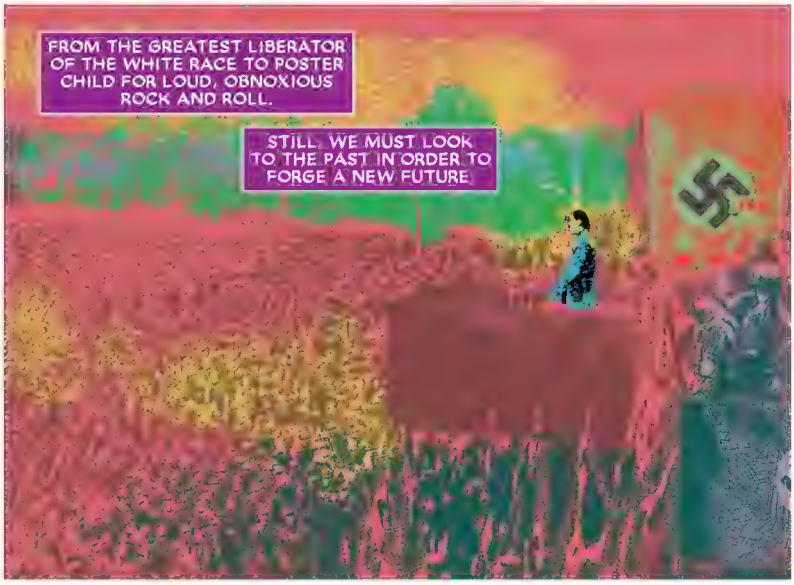
AT ITS PEAK IN THE MID-1920S, THE KU KLUX KLAN HAD NEAR FIVE MILLION MEMBERS.
MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER ON MY MOTHER'S SIDE, CHARLES MAYBANK, WAS GRAND WIZARD OF ALL THE KLAN CHAPTERS IN THE ENTIRE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.
HE WAS SECOND ONLY TO WILLIAM J. SIMMONS IN THE ORGANIZATION.

I FIRMLY BELIEVE HE WOULD HAVE BEEN PRESIDENT ONE DAY IF THE CANCER HADN'T TAKEN HIM DURING HIS SENATE RUN IN '28.
THEY WERE NAIVE THEN. DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE RADIUM THE JEWS WERE PUTTING IN THE WATER.

TODAY, MOST NEO-NAZI SKINHEADS ARE JUST POT-SMOKING TEENAGERS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO DO ON A SATURDAY NIGHT.

DER FÜHRER MUST BE ROLLING IN HIS GRAVE.


FROM THE GREATEST LIBERATOR OF THE WHITE RACE TO POSTER CHILD FOR LOUD, OBNOXIOUS ROCK AND ROLL.
STILL, WE MUST LOOK TO THE PAST IN ORDER TO FORGE A NEW FUTURE.

IN 1564, MARTIN LUTHER, THE LEADER OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION, SAID IN HIS BOOKLET OF *JEWS AND THEIR LIES*, "THAT WE ARE AT FAULT IN NOT SLAYING THEM."

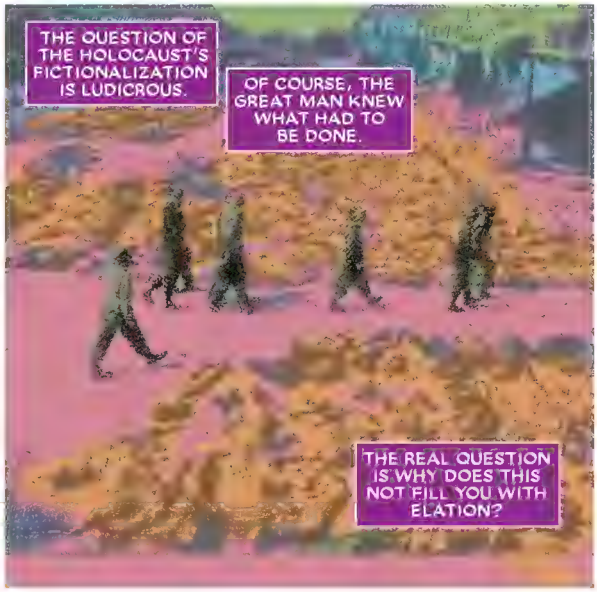
IT IS ALSO A WELL-KNOWN FACT THAT THE BLACK DEATH, WHICH NEARLY WIPED OUT HUMANITY IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, WAS A PLOT BY JEWS.

AGAIN, RADIUM IN THE WATER.
THEY WERE ALWAYS SO FAR OUT AHEAD.

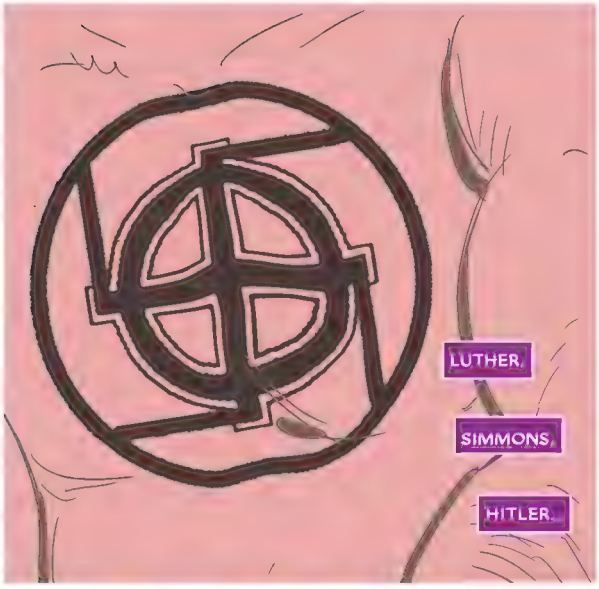
BY THE LATE 1950S, THE WAR HAD DEVASTATED THE KLAN.
WHITEWATER
100% Pure White Man's Water
From the Almighty to his chosen race

FOLKS JUST DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO STAY STRONG TOGETHER...

DAILY BUGLE
ALLIED ARMIES LAND IN FRANCE
IN THE HAVRE-CHERBOURG AREA
GREAT INVASION IS UNDER WA
...WHAT WITH OUR JEW PRESIDENT SENDING THOUSANDS OF WHITE BOYS TO DIE FOR HIS PEOPLE.
THEN THERE WERE THE CAMPS.


THE QUESTION OF THE HOLOCAUST'S FICTIONALIZATION IS LUDICROUS.
OF COURSE, THE GREAT MAN KNEW WHAT HAD TO BE DONE.
THE REAL QUESTION IS WHY DOES THIS NOT FILL YOU WITH ELATION?

JEWS CAME UP WITH THIS NON-VIOLENT PROTEST THING SCHEME.
THEY WHISPERED IT IN THE EAR OF THEIR STOOGE, THE NEGRO, AND HIJACKED THE COUNTRY RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER OUR FEET.
AS I'VE SAID, THE JEW IS A SMART AND CRAFTY LIAR.
OH, THERE WERE A FEW PATRIOTS.
LIKE BOBBY FRANK CHERRY, EUGENE CONNOR, EDGAR RAY KILLEN, AND LEE HARVEY OSWALD.
MEN WHO KEPT THE FIRES BURNING, WAITING FOR THE RESURGENCE.
BUT A TRUE RESURGENCE STARTS WITH A *GREAT LEADER*.


LUTHER.
SIMMONS.
HITLER.

ZEMO.

MY NAME IS BARON HELMUT EMMERICH ZEMO.
I AM THE MAN THE WHITE WORLD HAS BEEN WAITING FOR SINCE 1945.
THE JEW SHOULD FEAR ME BECAUSE I AM SMARTER THAN HIM.
THE NEGRO SHOULD FEAR ME BECAUSE I AM SMARTER THAN THE JEW HE CALLS MASTER.
THE HOMOSEXUAL, THE SPIC, AND THE GOOK SHOULD FEAR ME BECAUSE I AM THEIR ENEMY.
AN ALTERNATE HISTORY OF LOVE IN AMERICA, PART 23

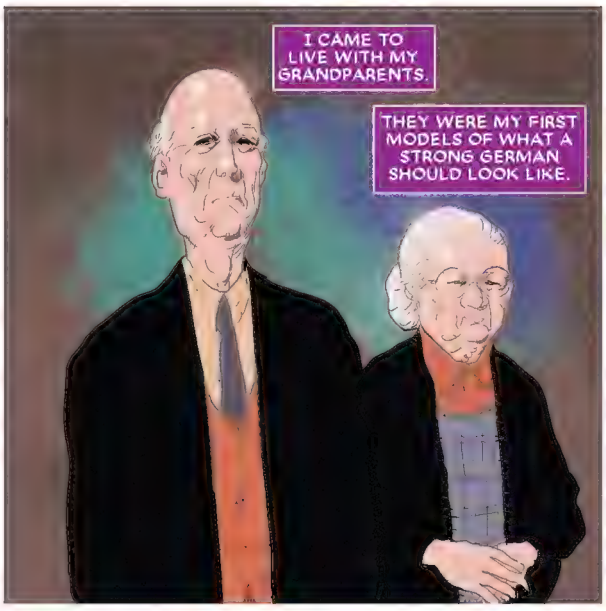
MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER ON MY FATHER'S SIDE WAS A PRUSSIAN BARON, AND HELPED CRUSH THE FRENCH IN THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

BY THE TIME I WAS BORN IN 1980, MY FATHER SOLD SHOES, AND MY MOTHER WAS A TYPIST AT A JEW-CONTROLLED NEWSPAPER.

I REMEMBER FEELING REVOLTED AT THE WAY MY FATHER CATERED TO THOSE NEGRESS WHORES.
WHEN I WAS EIGHT, HE RAN OFF WITH ONE.

MY MOTHER WORKED HERSELF INTO THE GROUND FOR THOSE JEWS.
IN RETURN THEY GAVE HER THEIR IRRADIATED WATER.

AFTER SHE DIED, I WENT TO LIVE WITH MY DAD.
HE WAS LIVING ALONE BY THEN, EVEN THOSE SUB-HUMAN WHORES DIDN'T WANT HIM.
I WAS TWELVE WHEN HE SHOT HIMSELF.
I POURED THE WHISKEY AND LOADED THE GUN FOR HIM.


I CAME TO LIVE WITH MY GRANDPARENTS.
THEY WERE MY FIRST MODELS OF WHAT A STRONG GERMAN SHOULD LOOK LIKE.

WHEN I WAS THIRTEEN, I FOUND GRANDPA'S TRUNK.

FINALLY, I KNEW THIS WAS WHERE I BELONGED.
BUT WHY HAD GRANDFATHER HIDDEN THIS ALL AWAY? I WONDERED.
I HAD TO KNOW MORE.

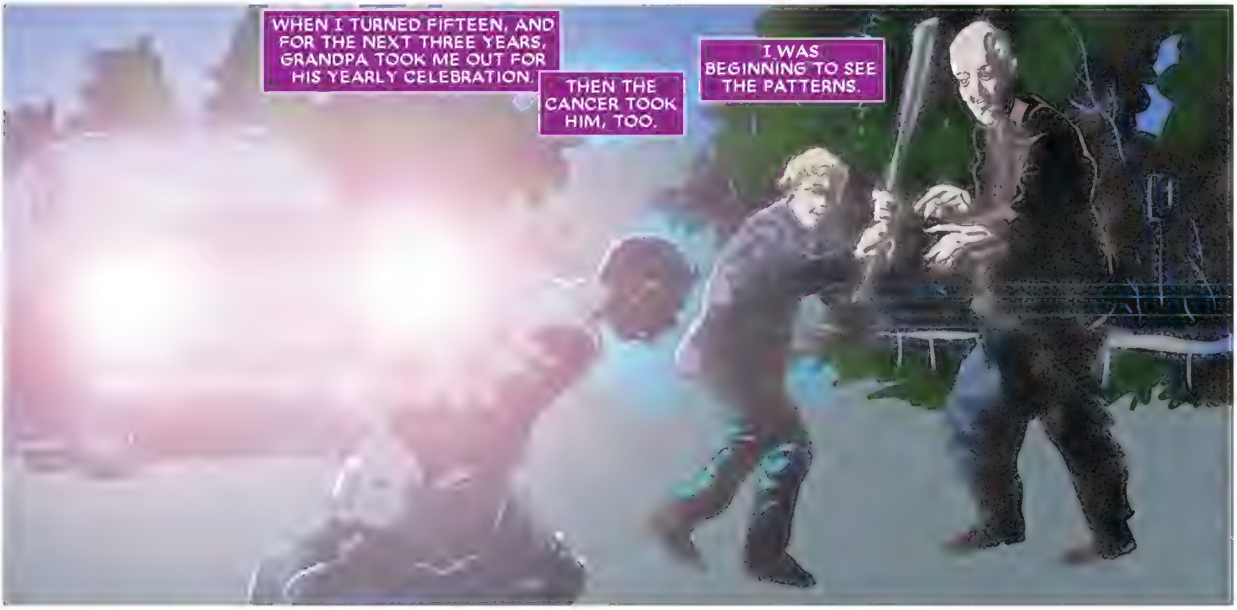
I CAME HOME ONE DAY WEARING A YAMULKA.
...AND ADAM SAYS YOU CAN ONLY LOVE GOD IF YOU WEAR ONE OF THESE...
I COULD SEE THE STEAM POURING FROM HIS EARS.

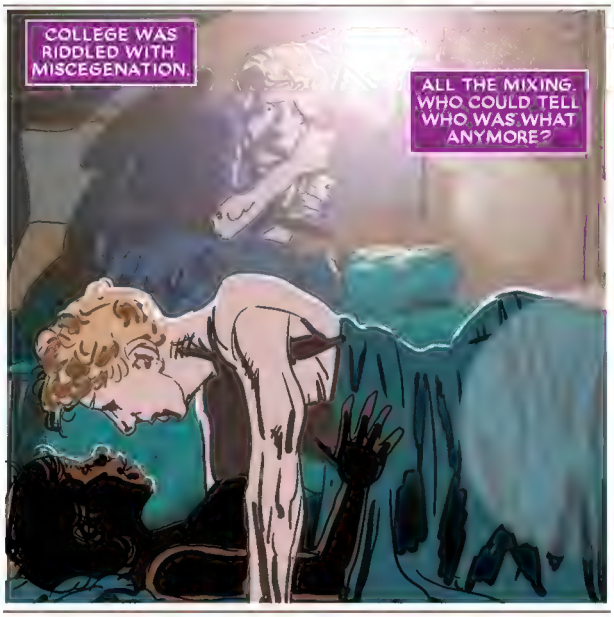
AFTER, HE TOOK ME OUT BEHIND THE WOODSHED.
I CALLED HIM A JEW-LOVER. A BETRAYER OF THE WHITE RACE.

HE SHOWED ME DIFFERENT.
THERE WERE FORTY OF THEM. PLUS SIX HE ACQUIRED IN THE WAR.

EACH YEAR, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HITLER'S DEATH, GRANDPA KILLED A SUPPOSED MINORITY.

ON MY FOURTEENTH BIRTHDAY, GRANDPA GAVE ME A PRESENT.
AN ORIGINAL. STRAIGHT FROM BUCHENWALD.
103654

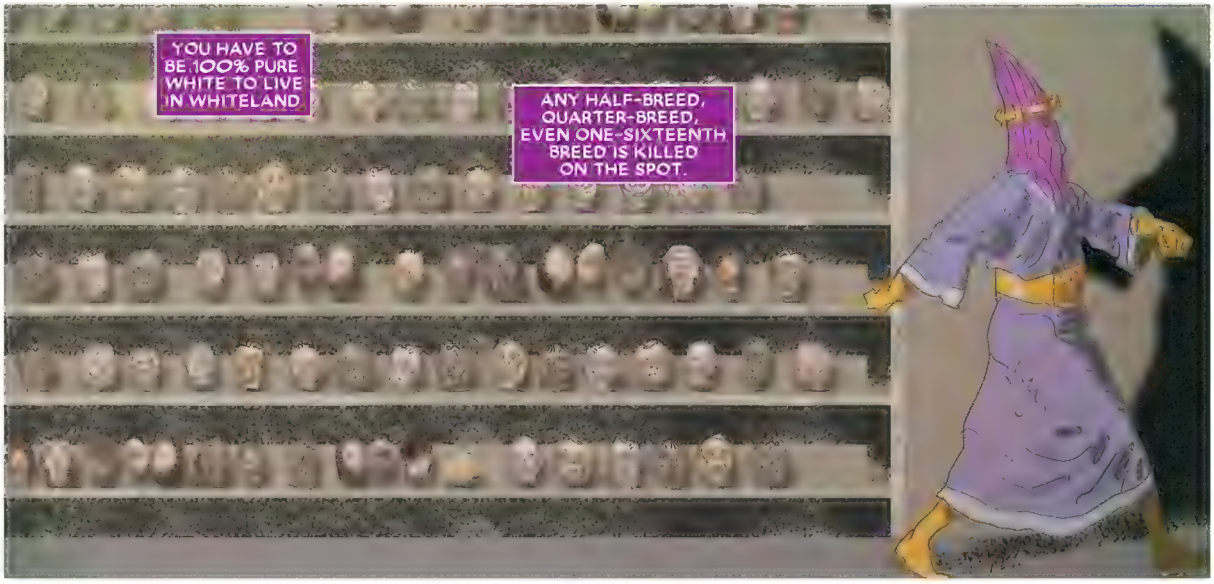

WHEN I TURNED FIFTEEN, AND FOR THE NEXT THREE YEARS, GRANDPA TOOK ME OUT FOR HIS YEARLY CELEBRATION.
THEN THE CANCER TOOK HIM, TOO.
I WAS BEGINNING TO SEE THE PATTERNS.


COLLEGE WAS RIDDLED WITH MISCEGENATION.
ALL THE MIXING. WHO COULD TELL WHO WAS WHAT ANYMORE?

WE USED TO HAVE SLAVES. LIKE GEORGE WASHINGTON.
WE KNEW TO FEAR THE JEW...

...NOW THEIR BLOOD SLITHERS THROUGH OUR VEINS.

I QUIT COLLEGE, AND ULTIMATELY I CAME HERE. TO THE UNSPOILED WILDERNESS OF WYOMING.
I FOUNDED MY OWN COUNTRY (THOUGH WE CALL IT A COLLECTIVE)
I CALL IT WHITELAND


YOU HAVE TO BE 100% PURE WHITE TO LIVE IN WHITELAND
ANY HALF-BREED, QUARTER-BREED, EVEN ONE-SIXTEENTH BREED IS KILLED ON THE SPOT.

WE'RE TWO THOUSAND SOULS STRONG AND COUNTING.

THAT NUMBER IS ABOUT TO INCREASE DRAMATICALLY.

WHITELAND

It's not just a dream. It's a reality.

Topics and links of the day include:

-Zemo speaks the truth.
-How to spot a mongrel.
-Whitewater: Your non-radium-laced refreshment.
-How to guard against the subliminal effects of negroid culture.
-Jewish conspiracy hits the Gulf.
-Why the Republican Party is not your friend.
-Is curling the only white sport left?

THE OTHER THING I LEARNED ABOUT IN COLLEGE WAS THE *INTERNET*.

THROUGH IT I HAVE DISCOVERED THAT THERE ARE *TENS OF MILLIONS* OF US.

I CALL THEM MY "*WHITE KNIGHTS*."

THEY COME FROM EVERY LEVEL OF SOCIETY.

FOR INSTANCE, *WHITEONWHITE136* WORKS IN THE WHITE HOUSE ITSELF

NOT A SOUL--CIA, FBI, ATF, IRS--

--CAN GET WITHIN FIFTY MILES OF WHITELAND WITHOUT MY KNOWLEDGE

A NEW FUTURE AWAITS

THROUGH THE RUSSIAN MAFIA, I HAVE RECENTLY PURCHASED A STOCKPILE OF SARIN NERVE GAS.

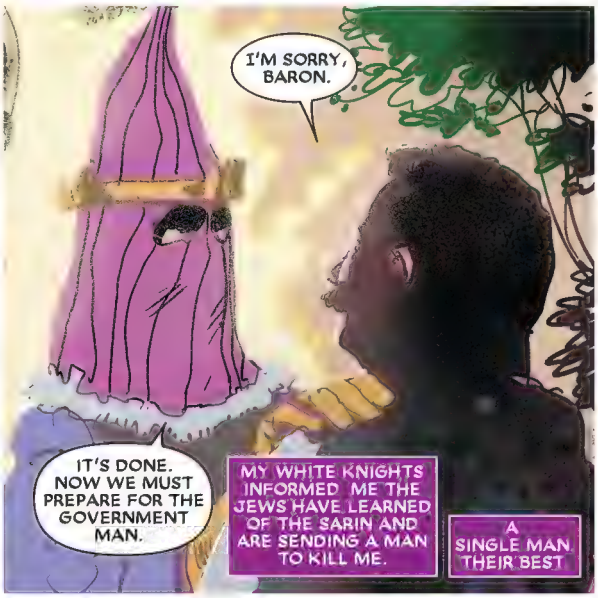
WITH THIS, I WILL CREATE A RALLYING POINT TO DRAW MY FOLLOWERS OUT, TO RISE UP AND SLAY THEIR OPPRESSORS.

IS EVERYTHING READY, ROLF?

ALL THE FURNITURE YOU REQUESTED IS INSIDE, BARON, AND THE WALLS HAVE BEEN DOUSED.
GOOD.
TORCH IT.

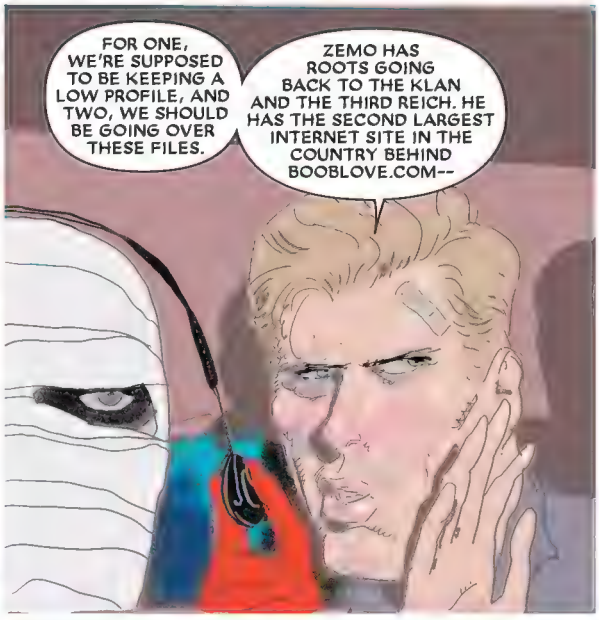
MY GRANDFATHER'S LAMP. EVERY HEAD FROM EVERY SUBHUMAN MONGREL I EVER KILLED...
...EVERY SOFA CUSHION, BED, JACKET, AND UMBRELLA I MADE WITH MY OWN HANDS OVER A DECADE WAS IN THAT BUILDING.

I WANTED TO CRY.


I'M SORRY, BARON.
IT'S DONE. NOW WE MUST PREPARE FOR THE GOVERNMENT MAN.
MY WHITE KNIGHTS INFORMED ME THE JEWS HAVE LEARNED OF THE SARIN AND ARE SENDING A MAN TO KILL ME.
A SINGLE MAN. THEIR BEST.

"THE SUPPOSEDLY 'UNKILLABLE' DEADPOOL."
WADE.
WADE!

WHAT IS IT, HYDRA BOB?
CAN YOU PLEASE NOT CALL ME "HYDRA BOB?"
WHY NOT, HYDRA BOB? ARE YOU ASHAMED OF YOUR PAST ASSOCIATION WITH THE EVIL?


FOR ONE, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE KEEPING A LOW PROFILE, AND TWO, WE SHOULD BE GOING OVER THESE FILES.
ZEMO HAS ROOTS GOING BACK TO THE KLAN AND THE THIRD REICH. HE HAS THE SECOND LARGEST INTERNET SITE IN THE COUNTRY BEHIND BOOBLOVE.COM--

I LIKE THAT SITE.
HE'S AS HARDCORE A PURE RACIST AS--
YOU SEE, BOB, THIS IS WHERE YOUR FEEBLE BRAIN GETS IT ALL WRONG.

EVERYBODY'S STUDYING THE ENEMY. WE'RE ALL STUDYING THE ENEMY. WHY?
DO YOU WANT TO BE LIKE THE ENEMY?
WELL... IT'S NOT LIKE--
NO, BOB, YOU DON'T? YOU WANT TO STUDY THE OPPOSITE OF THE ENEMY. CANCEL HIM OUT!

SO WHAT ARE YOU STUDYING?
I READ THIS ENLIGHTENING ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET ABOUT KRAV MAGA.
I SCANNED THE DUST JACKET ON A BIOGRAPHY OF SIMON WIESENTHAL, AND BEFORE WE LEFT, I WATCHED A RECRUITMENT COMMERCIAL FOR ISRAELI AIRBORN ON YOUTUBE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SIX TIMES.
AND THIS "FIDDLER ON THE ROOF" SOUNDTRACK'S THE BOMB.
OKAY, I'M OUTTA HERE.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!
"OURS IS NOT TO QUESTION WHY, HYDRA BOB. OURS IS JUST TO DO OR DIE."
TENNYSON.
JUST PROCEED WITH YOUR PART OF THE PLAN, HYDRA BOB.
WAIT, YOU CAN'T OPEN THAT--
MMMMMMMMM

BARON! LIKE YOU PREDICTED...

...THE JEW'S STOOGE IS COMING FROM THE SKY.
HA! THEIR STRENGTH IS AKIN TO THAT OF THE DEVIL. IT REQUIRES DECEPTION.
WITH FOREWARNING, THEY ARE LITTLE MORE THAN A NUISANCE.

SHOOT HIM.
POW
NICE SHOOTING, HERR ROLF.
LET'S GO COLLECT OUR "UNKILLABLE" ASSASSIN.
HERR BARON. HE LIVES!
AHH...I HAVE HEARD MUCH ABOUT YOUR SKILLS, HERR DEADPOOL.
BUT FRANKLY, YOU LOOK LESS LIKE A SUPERAGENT AND MORE LIKE A MAN WHO GETS TRADED FOR CIGARETTES BY PRISON QUEERS.

YOU CAN KILL ME, ZEMO, BUT WE KNOW ABOUT THE SARIN.
NO ONE'S GOING TO LET YOU OFF THIS HILL ALIVE.

AHH, BUT I DON'T NEED TO GO ANYWHERE.
AND NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, WE CAN GET THE PARTY STARTED.

YOU SEE, MY STUPID DUPE, WHAT'S NEEDED FOR THE MOVEMENT IS A RALLYING CRY.

"WHAT BETTER WAY THAN THE MASSACRE OF TWO THOUSAND WOMEN AND CHILDREN LIVING AND FARMING PEACEFULLY IN THE HILLS OF WYOMING."

I, UNFORTUNATELY, WILL SURVIVE, AS MYSELF AND MY MEN WERE TRYING TO HOLD BACK THE GOVERNMENT INVADERS WHEN YOU ATTACKED.
I'LL BE ON LARRY KING. I'LL CRY AND WHITE PEOPLE WILL FLOCK TO ME.
I HAVE TAKEN AN INTERNET ACTING CLASS FOR THIS PURPOSE.

WHITE SOLDIERS! TODAY WE SACRIFICE ALL THAT WE HAVE BUILT. OUR FAMILIES. EVEN OUR CHILDREN.
BUT FROM THE ASHES WILL GROW SOMETHING STRONGER. WE ARE THE FOUNDING FATHERS OF A NEW AMERICA.
IF I WERE A RICH MAN...

DA DA DEE DEE DEEDLE DEEDLE DUM...
OY! MY ACHING BACK!
ZEMO! OY! I TELL YOU, COUSIN, WHAT A HIKE! I COULD SURE USE A NOSH.
MAYBE A BAGEL AND A SCHMEAR. A BIT A LOX MIGHT BE NICE.
SHOOT THIS FOOL.
WAIT! WAIT!
WHAT ARE YOU, MESHUGGAH?
IS THAT ANY WAY TO TREAT YOUR OWN FLESH AND BLOOD? I SHOULD GIVE YOU A POTCH IN YOUR TUKHUS.
"FLESH AND BLOOD"? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

YOUR GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER ON YOUR FATHER'S SIDE HAD A CHILD WITH HIS JEWISH MAID WHO WAS MY GREAT-GREAT-BUBBY AND--
BOOM--OUT CAME YOUR GREAT-GRANDAD...

AND ON DOWN THE LINE TO YOU!

AND THAT MAKES YOU...
AND THAT MAKES ME *WHAT?!*

ONE THIRTY-SECOND JEWISH!

LIES! YOU LIE LIKE THE DEVIL!
KILL HIM!

NOT SO *PURE* ARE WE NOW, BARON?

YOU HEARD ME! KILL HIM! QUICKLY! KILL--
TOO LATE.

EAT HOT LEAD, NAZI SHNOOKS!
BUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA
BUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA
GUHH!
UKK--
SHIT!
HA!

FUCKING GET HIM!
BAM
UNNNGHH!
OY, IT'S GETTING HOT IN HERE.
POP POW POW
RATATATAT
UNNGH-- OH, JESUS--
DON'T THINK SO, SONNY.
POP POW POW
HUHHHH!
I'M OUTTA HERE!
ZZZINGO!
UGAHHH!
HUUU-- NO!--
GOTCHA!

JUST US NOW!
BARON, GET BACK!

AGHK!
SNAP

COLORBLIND!
SPREAD THE LOVE!
AHHHHHHH!

GUH--WAIT! WAIT!

WHAT?

YOUR...MASK. P-PLEASE. YOU...ARE MAGNIFICENT.
I...I HAVE TO KNOW...
ARE YOU WHITE?

SNAP
I'M ALWAYS RIGHT, YOU RACIST PIECE OF DOGSHIT.
MY WORK HERE IS DONE.
YOU DID WELL TODAY, HYDRA BOB. PERHAPS THERE IS HOPE FOR YOU YET.
WAIT! I'M STUCK! I-I THINK MY LEG IS BROKEN!
"OPPORTUNITIES MULTIPLY AS THEY ARE SEIZED," BOB!
SUN TZU.
NEXT - NO CABLE NO FUTURE.

DEADPOOL MAX

Why Marvel MAX?

That's the first thing any Deadpool fan is going to be looking for when they pick up this book. Deadpool's already the craziest SOB in comicdom. What, besides some dirty words, entrails, and toilet humor are we going to get out of *DeadpoolMAX?*

Well, my name is David Lapham and I would like to answer that question. If you haven't heard of me I can tell you that I've been at this crazy business since 1991 and if you think that makes me old, I say not if I started when I was five. (I can say anything I want, y'see. This is a MAX book.) I'm mostly known for my indy and self-published work — Stray Bullets, Amy Racecar, Young Liars — so when Axel asked me to write *DeadpoolMAX,* I knew he wanted me to give him a book that absolutely could NOT be just a regular ol' mainstream book with some cursing sprinkled on top.

To guarantee this, he teamed me up with one of the most talented artists this industry has ever seen. The kind of guy I would hate with the green-eyed monster of jealousy if I were a jealous person (which I am). Kyle Baker can do it all. He can handle deadly serious and zany antics with equal mastery. He can choreograph an incredible action sequence as he did at the end of issue one or make a gory dismemberment scene fall-down Jackass-worthy hysterical as he did in issue two. He can use color blocks to create a heartbreaking history of a little boy or use a light touch to define the sexy curve of a woman's...sexy curves. Kyle can work in virtually any art style and, more importantly, pull off anything I throw at him. Thank God, because this book needs it. As you know, the main character is nuts.

My favorite kinds of characters to write are insane ones. I mean, the truly certifiable. Characters that are off their rocker, can do and say anything at anytime. The one thing they don't tend to do is lie, at least not about the truth.

So with Deadpool I can take any story or idea and turn it on its ear. Is it serious? Yes. Is it serious? No. Anything goes as long as, in the end, it rings true. Take the issue you hold in your hands — history rewritten by a vile white supremacist, Baron Zemo. The scary thing about a guy like this is you know that there's more than one person out there right now, in the real world, who thinks exactly like him. Makes you crazy, right? The ignorance. All your railing, indignation, and frustration is not going to change this man's thoughts one bit, though. In the end of this story, we get Deadpool, unclouded by indignation or hate, dealing with the situation as only he could, giving Zemo both his worst nightmare and just desserts.

ANATOMY LESSON:

I know you're all savvy readers who get sarcasm and satire, but just for fun, here's the breakdown on some of this issue's players:

The Ku Klux Klan. Like the Elks club... with sheets, burning crosses, murder and racism. Growing up, I can tell you they didn't seem so funny to me then as they do now.

William J. Simmons was the founder of the second incarnation of the Klan in 1915. He borrowed the white sheet and conehead look from D.W. Griffith's Birth of a Nation and expanded the Klan's base of hate to include Catholics, immigrants, and Jews.

Hitler, of course, was the man who made Charlie Chaplin's mustache unfunny.

Martin Luther began the protestant reformation in the sixteenth century, challenging the monopoly of the Pope and Catholic Church. Later, he actually did write a bunch bad stuff about the Jews. Maybe he was addicted to controversy.

The Black Death was most likely the bubonic plague and caused by fleas on rats, NOT by the Jews or radium...unless the fleas converted and went nuclear.

The Holocaust. Nothing funny here. Look it up.

The Greensboro Four were four of the earliest sit-in Civil Rights protestors, taking four counter seats reserved for whites at a Woolworth's in February of 1960. Woolworth's stores went out of business in 1997. I think they'd gotten up by then.

Bobby Frank Cherry was a Klansman who helped blow up a Baptist church in 1963, killing four African American girls. It took until 2002 for the law to catch up with him and put him in prison, where he died in 2004.

Eugene "Bull" Connor was the Public Safety Commissioner of Birmingham, Alabama whose fanatical quest to stop integration instead helped assure the passage of the Civil Rights Act. His brutal use of fire hoses and attack dogs against demonstrators made normal folks sick.

Lee Harvey Oswald either killed President John F. Kennedy or was just in the wrong book depository at the wrong time, aiming his sniper rifle at some squirrels when the President's convertible happened by.

A Hasidic Jew — as Deadpool impersonates in the final scene — is a practitioner of a highly religious branch of Orthodox Judaism that embrace many of the joyful aspects of their faith along with the serious. Their unique dress, dancing, beards, and curly locks make them an iconic image. Who better to dispose of our Baron than possibly his worst nightmare?

So there you have it. As I said, we're here to turn things on their ear, so welcome to *DeadpoolMAX.* I hope you're all enjoying it. I hope it's not like anything you've seen before, and I hope I put enough cursing, entrails, and poo poo jokes to make all you sick bastards happy, cuz in the end, I know that's all you really want.

David Lapham
November 3, 2010

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DEADPOOL MAX #4

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DEADPOOL MAX

MAX COMICS

EXPLICIT CONTENT

4

David Lapham

Kyle Baker

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NO CABLE, NO FUTURE

by David Lapham & Kyle Baker

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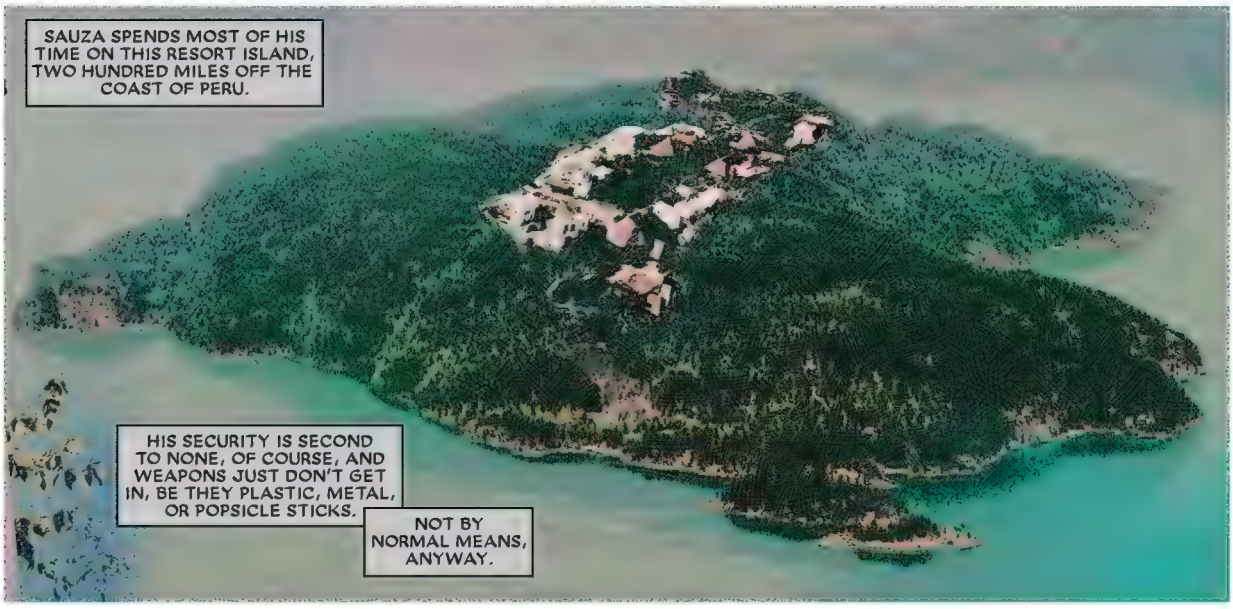
Sebastian Girner — Asst. Editor
Axel Alonso — Editor
Joe Quesada — Editor in Chief
Dan Buckley — Publisher
Alan Fine — Exec. Producer

ERNESTO SAUZA IS ONE OF THE WORLD'S RICHEST MEN, AND ALSO ONE OF ITS MOST SAVAGE.
OPERATING UNDER THE FULL PROTECTION OF A CERTAIN SOUTH AMERICAN GOVERNMENT, SAUZA IS RESPONSIBLE FOR UNTOLD THOUSANDS OF DEATHS AND EVEN MORE SUFFERING THROUGH HIS HUMAN TRAFFICKING OPERATION.
IF YOU'RE A DESPERATE PARENT, A PERVERT, OR A PRIEST IN THE MARKET THE LAST EIGHTEEN YEARS, CHANCES ARE THE PRODUCT YOU BOUGHT WAS STAMPED SAUZA.
SPREADING THE WEALTH AROUND TO GOVERNMENTS AND TERRORIST ORGANIZATIONS ALIKE, HE OPERATES WITHOUT MUCH PROBLEM.
'COURSE NOW THAT WE'RE INVOLVED, HE HAS A MAJOR PROBLEM.


SAUZA SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME ON THIS RESORT ISLAND, TWO HUNDRED MILES OFF THE COAST OF PERU.
HIS SECURITY IS SECOND TO NONE, OF COURSE, AND WEAPONS JUST DON'T GET IN, BE THEY PLASTIC, METAL, OR POPSICLE STICKS.
NOT BY NORMAL MEANS, ANYWAY.

MY HAND-PICKED OPERATIVE, DEADPOOL, HAS ALREADY GAINED ENTRANCE TO THE MANSION IN THE GUISE OF A MOVIE STAR PLAYBOY COME TO PARTY WITH THE WORLD'S ELITE.
EVEN GUYS LIKE SAUZA CAN'T RESIST MOVIE STAR PLAYBOYS.
IT'S MY JOB, AS USUAL, TO DO THE SHIT WORK.
I DON'T MIND. REALLY.
÷SIGH÷

'COURSE, I COULD'VE DONE WITHOUT THE HURRICANE OVERFLOWING THE STORM DRAINS.

BUT I HAVE THE SATISFACTION OF KNOWING I'M THE LINCHPIN TO MAKING THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE.

I'M A PRO, THROUGH AND THROUGH, AND I TAKE GREAT PRIDE IN MY WORK.

MY NAME IS BOB.

SEE, DEADPOOL IS A VERY SKILLED COMBATANT AND AGENT, BUT IN THE BRAINS DEPARTMENT...
POOP
...HE'S A LITTLE SCRAMBLED EGGS.
I HAD TO CONVINCE HIM SAUZA IS PART OF SOME FICTIONAL EVIL EMPIRE CALLED HYDRA.
IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET HIM TO DO ANYTHING. MAKING IT PART OF HIS OBSESSION WITH THEM.
NOTHING I CAN'T HANDLE.
BUT THAT'S WHY I'M SO NECESSARY.
ALL RIGHT, BABY, COME TO PAPA.
I'M THE PUPPET MASTER. I HOLD IT ALL TOGETHER. KEEP THE MISSION ON TRACK.

EVEN WHEN THINGS--AS THINGS DO IN THIS BUSINESS--INEVITABLY GO WRONG.
THUNK
GLOP
GLOP
GLOP GLOP GLOP GLOP
COME ON... COME ON...
?
SHI-OOF!

HRRNT...

?
GRNNN...

ALL RIGHT, SEÑOR "MOVIE STAR," DID YOU THINK WE WOULD NOT DISCOVER YOUR DECEPTION!?
THE GREAT SAUZA HAS THE FINEST SECURITY FORCE IN THE WORLD.

MONEY!
GLUG

UM...A LITTLE FURTHER PLEASE, BOB...
YOU BEST PULL YOUR PANTS UP, SEÑOR, WE ARE COMING IN!

MMPH!
HURRT!
BLEEP BOOP
HEY! WHERE'D YOU GO?
GLUG
COME ON, MAN DON'T CLOG UP ON ME!

YOU?!
KRAK
?
SPRANG
!

WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE. GET A DING DANG PLUMBER!
SEÑOR, YOU ARE IN VERY BIG TROUBLE. VERY BIG.

I'M IN TROUBLE? THINK IF YOU'VE HAD THE PATÉ BEFORE YOU START ASSIGNING WHO'S IN WHAT BOAT, PAL.
I'M WITH THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

FUGU
YOU ARE WITH THE AMERICANS. YOU THINK WE ARE STUPID?
HOPING...

HUP!
HUGRRRN...

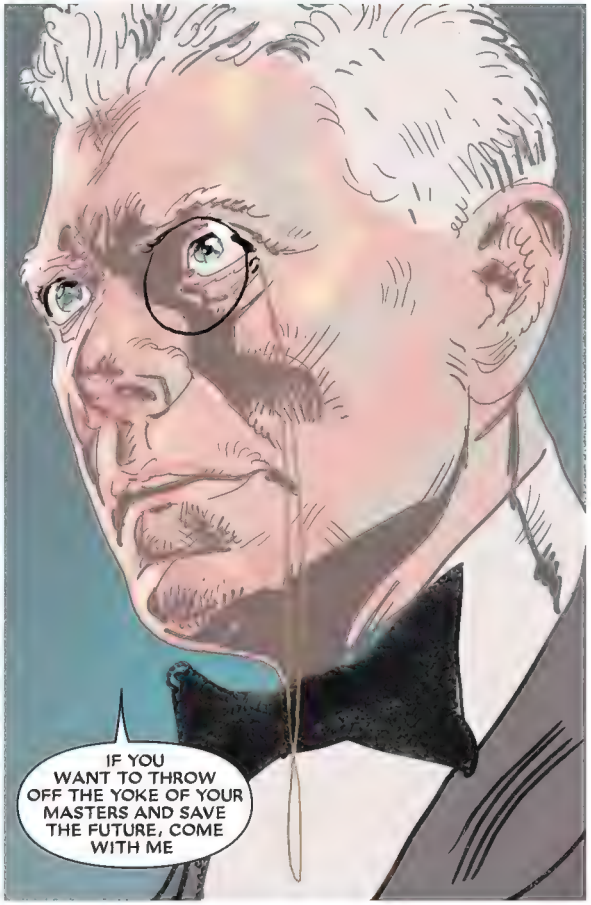
BURP!

I HAD THE PATÉ, TOO.

POP
FSHHH

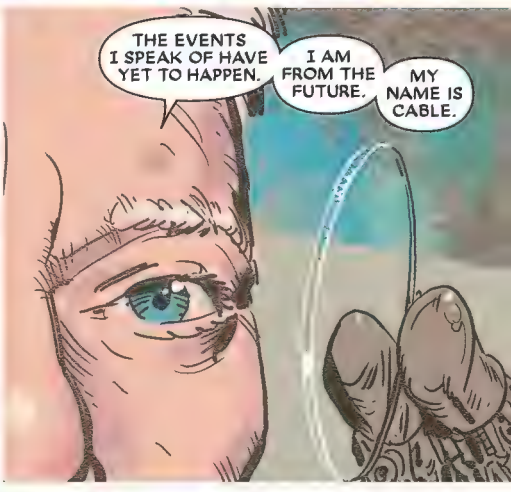
HIYYAA!
BOYYYO!
POP
POP

THAT'S MY GUN, Y'KNOW.
I PEED ON IT FIRST.
WADE WILSON, EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS A LIE.
I KNEW THAT.


IF YOU WANT TO THROW OFF THE YOKE OF YOUR MASTERS AND SAVE THE FUTURE, COME WITH ME

HOLD ON THERE, BIG GUY, MY MAMA TOLD ME NEVER GO ANYWHERE WITH STRANGERS.
WELL, WHAT SHE REALLY SAID WAS "GET LOST." BUT SHE DIDN'T SAY WITH STRANGERS.
WE ARE NOT STRANGERS. WE'RE COLLEAGUES, OFTEN ALLIES...

...THOUGH SOMETIMES ENEMIES.
UH-UH. I THINK I'D REMEMBER YOU, DUDE. I MEAN, HOW MANY GUYS WEAR A MONOCLE ANYMORE?


THE EVENTS I SPEAK OF HAVE YET TO HAPPEN.
I AM FROM THE FUTURE.
MY NAME IS CABLE.

WHAT A COINCIDENCE. I LOVE CABLE. THEY GOT THE NUDIE GIRLS ON THERE.
COME WITH ME.
LOOK, DUDE, ARE WE FIGHTING? CUZ IF YOU GO OUT THERE WITH THAT GUN, YOU'RE GOING TO SET OFF ALL KINDS OF ALARMS.
AND THEN I DON'T...Y'KNOW... HAVE A GUN.

NO FIGHTING TODAY, SON. WHEN YOU KILL FOR THEM, YOU FALL FURTHER UNDER THEIR CONTROL.
TODAY I WILL REVEAL TO YOU THE TRUTH.
THUNK
WOO! SOUNDS HEAVY.

MEANWHILE...
WAAAAAA!
KYKRAKE
...HEFF... HEFF...
SPLICH
RAAAUUUUUUUFFF
ACTION OFFICER BOB REPORTING. ÷BLURP÷
WE HAVE A CODE BLACK. REPEAT, A CODE BLACK.
HOW HAS YOUR MISSION BEEN COMPROMISED, OFFICER BOB?

MY FUCKING AGENT HAS BEEN HIJACKED.
I CAN'T RAISE HIM ON THE COM LINK AND HIS BEACON'S BEEN DISABLED.
CLARIFY YOURSELF, BOB.
DURING THE MISSION, I WAS AMBUSHED BY ACTION OFFICER COLLEEN LIU.
OH.
"OH"?
THAT'S ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY?
SHE WAS CABLE'S HANDLER, RIGHT?
WHEN YOU FORCED ME BACK INTO THIS CRAP JOB, YOU SAID LIU WAS DEAD. THAT CABLE HAD GONE ROGUE AND KILLED HER.
IT WAS NOT EXPEDIENT AT THAT TIME TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR GIRLFRIEND WAS A TRAITOR.
BUT IT CHANGES NOTHING. YOU ARE AN INDEPENDENT OPERATIVE OPERATING ILLEGALLY AND DISAVOWED BY THIS NATION.
SAUZA MUST BE ELIMINATED AND THE ROGUE AGENTS DEALT WITH.
OH NO, :HURRRP: THEY'RE YOUR AGENTS. YOUR PROBLEM.
GODDAMN STOMACH.
AND AS OUR AGENT, WE MAKE THEM YOURS.
YOU'RE WELCOME TO COME HOME EMPTY-HANDED, OFFICER BOB. YOUR CELL ON DEATH ROW IS STILL HERE WAITING FOR YOU.
BLORFFFF!

K-KRAK
KRAK
KRAK
CHUNK

I KNEW YOU COULDN'T STAY AWAY FROM ME, COLLEEN.
CHAMPAGNE?
IT'S YOUR FAVORITE BRAND.
OH, BOB.
BOB, YOU DAMN FOOL.
KKKRAKKK

YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE LET THEM DRAG YOU BACK INTO THIS, BOB.
THE WORLD IS FULL OF EVIL.
WELL IN CASE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE, I'M ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE THE WORLD THINKS IS EVIL. NO THANKS TO YOU.
SO, WHATEVER HELL THIS LIFE IS, IT'S BETTER THAN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.
IS IT?
IS SELLING YOUR SOUL BETTER THAN DYING?
DOES A REBEL LEADER FIGHTING FOR HIS PEOPLE DESERVE TO DIE JUST BECAUSE HE OPPOSES CERTAIN WASHINGTON POWERBROKERS?
YEAH, WELL, WE GET OUR FAIR SHARE OF WACKOS, TERRORISTS, AND MURDERERS.
YOU POOR FOOL, YOU'RE MISSING THE BIGGER PICTURE.
YEAH. THE LOONY BIN.
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR AGENT EVEN COMES FROM?
THAT'S WHERE THEY END UP, BOB, NOT WHERE THEY STARTED OUT.
INTERNALLY, THEY CALL IT "*THE DEADPOOL.*"
DEADPOOL?

BECAUSE MOST EVERYONE THAT'S GONE THROUGH IT IS DEAD OR INSANE.
YEAH, AND DELTA CORPS HAS A NINETY PERCENT FAILOUT.
IT'S GREAT TO TAKE OUT A MASS MURDERER, BOB, BUT IT'S ALL ONLY PRACTICE TO MASK THE REAL GOAL.
AND WHAT WOULD *THAT* BE?
THEY'RE TRAINING A PRIVATE ARMY OF TERRORISTS.
OUR VERY OWN FUNDAMENTALISTS.
LISTEN, BABY, IT MAY NOT BE CONGRESS APPROVED, BUT WE'RE DOING WORK THAT NEEDS DOING. THIS SAUZA GUY KILLS *KIDS* FOR GOD'S SAKE.
BUT IT LEADS TO SOMETHING SO MUCH WORSE, BOB. IT ENDS BADLY. THE WORLD ENDS IN FIRE.
THAT'S WHY WE CAME BACK. TO WARN YOU.
DEADPOOL IS THE LINCHPIN. ONLY YOU CAN STOP ARMAGEDDON, BOB.
AND YOU KNOW THIS BECAUSE YOU CAME BACK FROM THE...?
THE *FUTURE*, BOB.
THAT'S JUST WHAT I HOPED YOU WOULDN'T SAY.

THAT'S CABLE'S LINE, COLLEEN.
I'M ON DEATH ROW BECAUSE YOU GOT ALL WRAPPED UP IN THAT "*GREEN BEEF FOR A BETTER WORLD*" CULT.
AREN'T YOU EVER GOING TO LEARN?

THESE AGENTS ARE NUTS. CABLE'S A FRUIT LOOP.
CABLE'S FROM THE ***FUTURE***, RIGHT, AND DEADPOOL THINKS HE'S FIGHTING A NON-EXISTENT EVIL EMPIRE NAMED HYDRA.

THE OPERATIVES ARE SUPPOSED TO BE CRAZY, COLLEEN. NOT US.
MAYBE THEY'RE LABELED CRAZY BECAUSE THEY'VE SEEN THINGS THEY'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO.
YOU HAVE TO STOP, NOW. DEFY THE COMPANY BEFORE THEY OWN YOU.

THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE YOU DO TERRIBLE THINGS...
AH...COLLEEN. I'VE GIVEN UP MY LIFE FOR YOU ONCE.
NOW YOU WANT ME TO DO IT AGAIN, AND ***THIS*** IS WHAT YOU GIVE ME?

THIS?
ALL I KNOW IS THAT EVERY PREDICTION CABLE'S MADE ABOUT THE FUTURE HAS COME TRUE. FROM WORLD EVENTS TO THE HORSE TRACK.
EVERYTHING HAPPENS BECAUSE HE'S SEEN IT IN HIS PAST.

HE ALSO POSSESSES FUTURE LOVEMAKING SKILLS.

IT'S TRUE, BOB. THEY'RE SKILLS NO MODERN MAN COULD POSSIBLY POSSESS.
I DON'T WANT TO HEAR THIS.

IT'S LIKE HE HAS G-SPOT RADAR.
STOP! STOP!

THINK ABOUT THIS, BOB. I KNOW YOUR ORDERS ARE TO KILL ME, OR THEY'LL KILL YOU.
I KNOW YOU'VE HAD THAT SIG UNDER YOUR PILLOW THE WHOLE NIGHT.
YET HERE I SIT, COMPLETELY BUCK NAKED AND TOTALLY AT YOUR MERCY.

HERE I SIT, WANTING TO MAKE LOVE TO YOU ABOVE ALL OTHERS, DESPITE YOUR EXCESSIVE FLATULENCE, SEWER STANK, AND COMPLETE IGNORANCE OF THE TWELVE TONGUE POSITIONS OF THE ALPHA CENTAURI.

I DON'T HAVE TO COME FROM THE FUTURE TO KNOW YOU WON'T KILL ME.
GODDAMMIT, YOU'RE RIGHT.

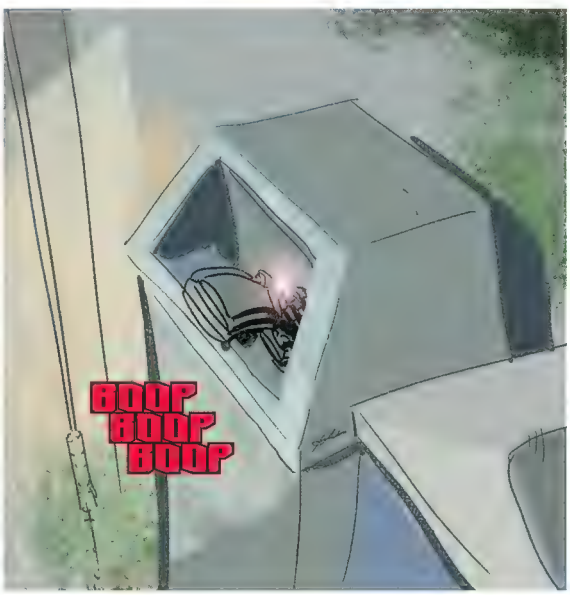
IF IT HELPS, CABLE TOLD ME THEY WON'T SEND YOU BACK TO PRISON.
YOU CONTROL DEADPOOL, AND AS LONG AS YOU HAVE HIM, THEY NEED YOU.
DO I HAVE HIM?
I AM THE WALRUS...YOU ARE THE DOOR MOUSE WHO SAYS...

FEED ME SEYMOUR...FEED MY HEAD...
OH, HEY, BOB.
JESUS H. CHRISTMAS, BOB, DID YOU KNOW WE HAVE BEEN THE UNWITTING PAWNS OF EVIL?
DEADPOOL! WHAT DID THEY DO TO YOU? DID YOU COMPLETE THE MISSION?
I ATE SOME MUSHROOMS AND DRANK GREEN LIQUID WHILE LEARNING ABOUT THE TWELVE-TONGUE POSITIONS OF THE ALPHA CENTARI.
DID YOU KILL SAUZA?
LET'S EXAMINE EVIL, BOB. IF WE'RE PAWNS OF EVIL AND KILL--EVEN IF THAT KILLING IS OF EVIL--WE ARE NOT REALLY KILLING EVIL BUT ARE, IN FACT, PROPAGATING A GREATER EVIL...
...MAKING US FURTHER CORRUPTED BY EVIL AND PUSHING THE WORLD ITSELF ONE STEP CLOSER TO ARMAGEDDON.
MAKE LOVE NOT WAR, BOB.

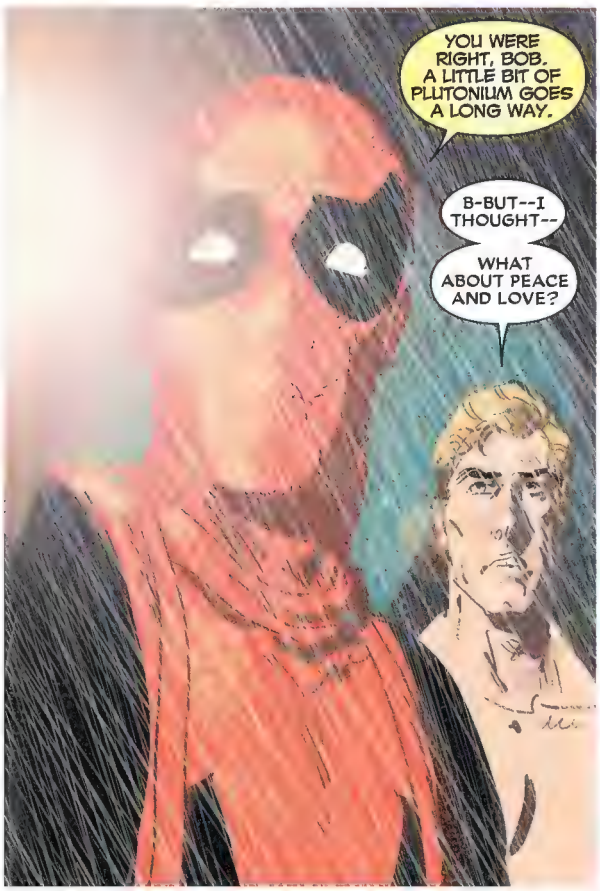
SENSEI CABLE, WHEN NEXT WE MEET, I HOPE IT WILL BE AS FRIENDS.
IT WILL BE AS ENEMIES, AND I WILL BREAK SEVERAL BONES IN YOUR BODY.
FAREWELL, MY LOVE. FIGHT THE FUTURE.

WEE-- OOOO! WHO WAS THAT SWEET NUMBER?
A GIRL I JUST THREW MY LIFE AWAY OVER. A SECOND TIME.

LISTEN, WADE, IS THERE ANY WAY I CAN CONVINCE YOU TO COMPLETE THE MISSION? I'M REALLY IN A SPOT, AND--
THE MISSION, OH SHIT. I ALMOST FORGOT.
BEEP


BOOP BOOP BOOP

KA-BOOM


YOU WERE RIGHT, BOB. A LITTLE BIT OF PLUTONIUM GOES A LONG WAY.
B-BUT--I THOUGHT--
WHAT ABOUT PEACE AND LOVE?

WHEN IT COMES TO HYDRA, BOB, I LOVE 'EM ONLY ONE WAY.
IN PIECES.
LOTS AND LOTS OF PIECES.
IN THAT MOMENT, I KNEW I HAD COMPLETE CONTROL OF AGENT DEADPOOL.
WHAT SCARED ME ABOUT IT WAS THAT I KNEW THE COMPANY HAD COMPLETE CONTROL OVER ME.
NEXT - A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE
(FEATURING THE TASKMASTER)

DEADPOOL MAX #5

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DEADPOOL MAX

MAX COMICS

EXPLICIT CONTENT 5

David Lapham
Kyle Baker

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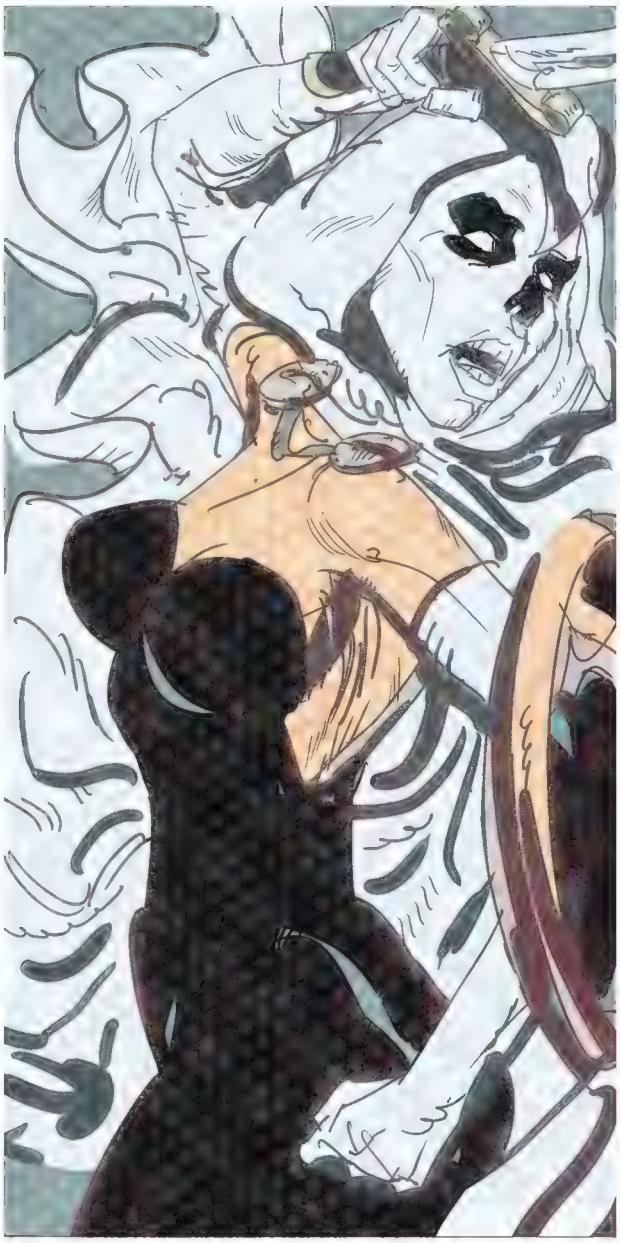
MANY YEARS AGO...
KRNCH
HEFF.
COME ON, CAMPER CUBS! LET'S HEAR IT!
I'M A CUB. I LIKE TO MARCH... IN UNIFORM ALL PRESSED WITH STARCH...
SOUND OFF!
ONE... TWO...
...THREE, FOUR! ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR...
THREE, FO--
CHNK
SLSHHHH

HELLO, CHILDREN.
OH, DON'T MIND HIM. HE WAS SO BORING, WASN'T HE? EVEN TOOK THE JOY OUT OF SONG.
A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE
David Lapham WRITER
Kyle Baker ARTIST
VC's Clayton Cowles LETTERER
Sebastian Girner EDITOR
Axel Alonso EDITOR IN CHIEF
Joe Quesada CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
Dan Buckley PUBLISHER
Alan Fine EXEC. PRODUCER
NOW DON'T YOU GO PUTTING ON THOSE BIG ROUND EYES AND WIDE GAPING MOUTHS, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE SOME FUN NOW.
YOU SEE, I'M LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD MEN.
UNFORTUNATELY, THEY'RE HARD TO COME BY, SO I NEED TO MAKE SOME.
COME, COME, LITTLE MUSKRATS. CAMP TERROR AWAITS!



WADE?
WADE!
I'M TOP MUSKRAT.

GROUND CONTROL TO MAJOR--
YES, BOB?
PAY ATTENTION. THEY CALL HER THE TASKMASTER. SHE'S THE FOREMOST TRAINER OF DOMESTIC TERRORISTS IN THE COUNTRY.
AND...UM... A TOP, TOP, HIGH GRAND...UH...POOBAH IN THE HYDRA ORGANIZATION.

WADE. DID YOU HEAR ME? HYDRA? THE DREAD SNAKE?
YES, I HEARD YOU, BOB. NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I MUST PREPARE.

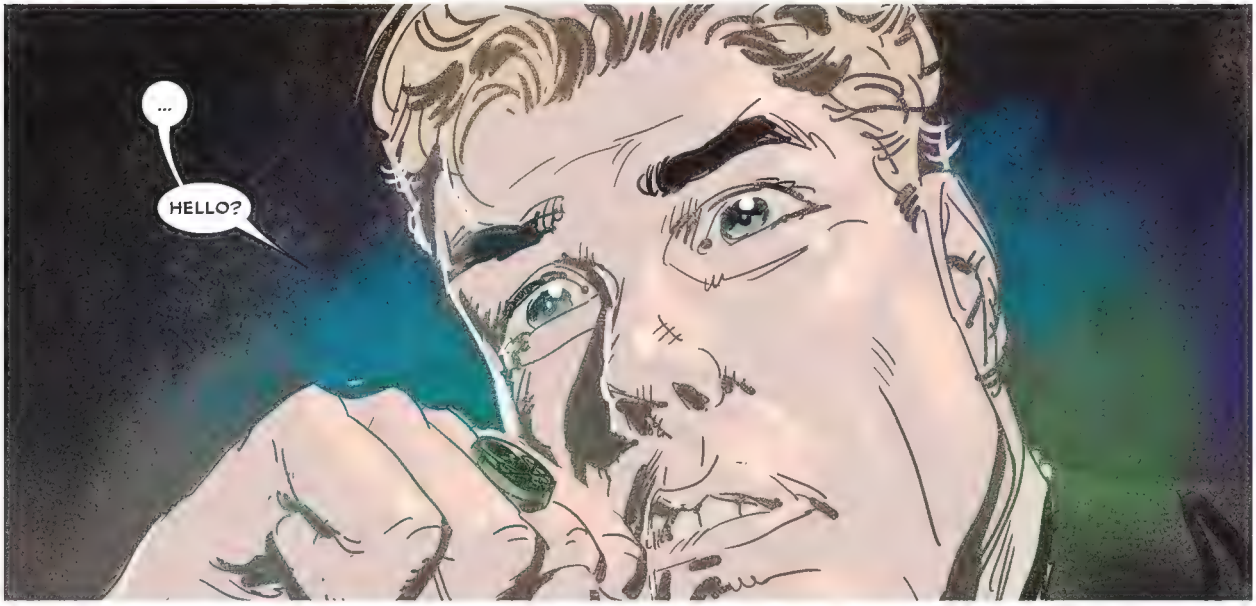
UM... OKAY...
WE'RE LEAVING IN FIVE!
WEIRDO.

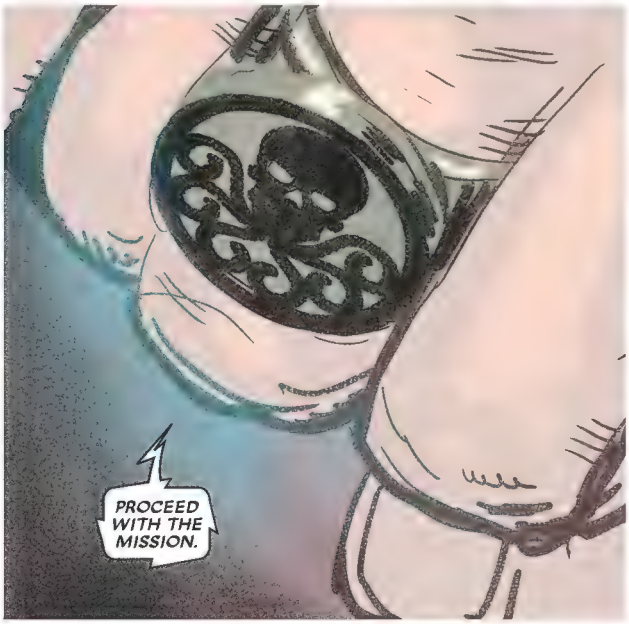
SOON...
SO WE HAVE SOLID INTEL THAT THE TASKMASTER IS OUT TO ASSASSINATE SENATOR KROVER.
THE GROUP SHE REPRESENTS DOESN'T AGREE WITH THE SENATOR'S STAND ON IMMIGRAT--
WADE?
WADE, WHY ARE YOU CLUTCHING A BOX OF KLEENEX?
DRIP
JESUS, WADE, ARE YOU CRYING?
I'M NOT CRYING, BOB.
I JUST HAVE SOMETHING IN MY EYE.

MANY YEARS AGO...
THE BADGER.
SO CUTE.
YOUR TASK TODAY, MUSKRATS, IS TO, VERY SIMPLY, SURVIVE FOR TEN MINUTES IN THE PIT WITH THIS STARVING AND PISSED-OFF LITTLE RAT.
IF YOU LIVE, YOU GET THIS BADGER MERIT PATCH.
W-WADE.
NO. THAT'S OKAY.
YOU HAVE LOTS OF PATCHES AND A BADASS FACE, SONNY. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
YOU WANT THIS PATCH, DON'T YOU, WADE?
THAT'S A GOOD BOY.
TOSS 'IM IN.

Laboratory
SECURE CHANNEL. ACTION OFFICER BOB REPORTING.

SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH DEADPOOL. I THINK WE SHOULD ABORT THE MISSION.
WHAT'S WRONG, OFFICER BOB?
I--I THINK HE'S... CRYING.


...
HELLO?


PROCEED WITH THE MISSION.

BUT--
YOU'RE ALREADY ON THIN ICE AFTER ALLOWING THE ROGUE AGENT CABLE TO ESCAPE.
MAKE IT WORK, OFFICER BOB. ELIMINATE THE TASKMASTER.

TO JOIN MY OUTFIT, YOU MUST LEARN TO BE THE CONSUMMATE WARRIOR.
WHO WILL BE THE FIRST TO PICK UP THE SWORD AND FACE THE DEATH BLADE OF SANJIRO?
CAN I NOT JOIN?

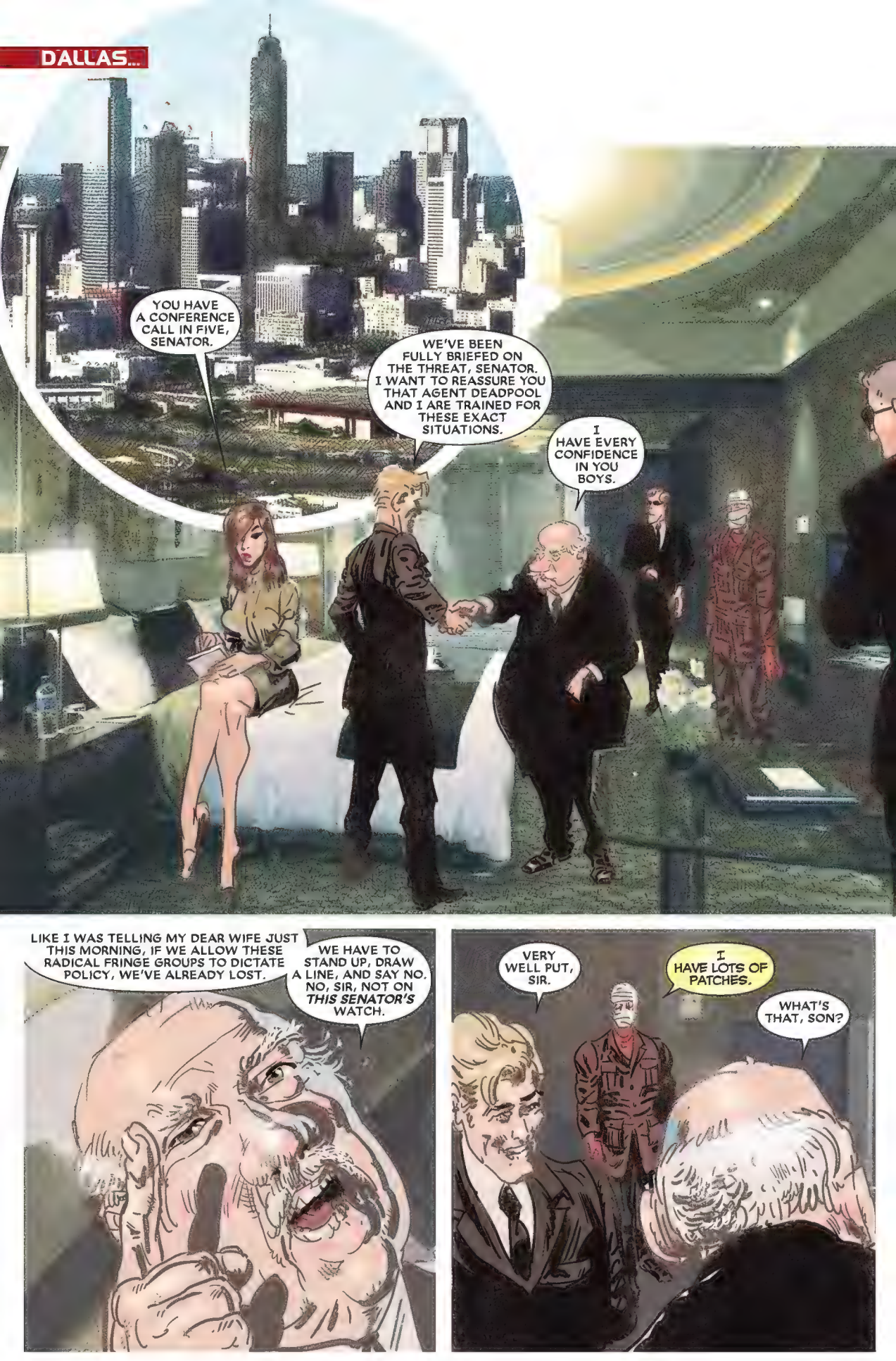
FIRST ACROSS THE FINISH LINE GETS THE FIRE HOSE, LITTLE MUSKRATS.
CAN I GO LAST?

COME, COME, CHILDREN, IT'S ONLY *FORTY METERS* ACROSS THE STREAM.
THINK OF THEM AS TINY *LOVE BITES.*
B-BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN IN LOVE.

STOP WHINING. EVERYBODY LOVES THE HOT BOX.
RICH PEOPLE PAY THOUSANDS FOR SPA TREATMENTS LIKE THIS.
DO WE HAVE TO WEAR MUD?

THIS IS BONECRUSHER.
HE'S A LITTLE DEAF ON THE LEFT SIDE, SO REALLY *YELL* THAT SAFETY WORD.
WHAT SAFETY WORD?

SURPRISE! THOSE CANTEENS WERE LACED WITH *STRYCHNINE.*
ONE VIAL OF ANTIDOTE, MUSKRATS. WHO WANTS IT MORE?
MEDICINE TASTES YUCKY.


DALLAS...
YOU HAVE A CONFERENCE CALL IN FIVE, SENATOR.
WE'VE BEEN FULLY BRIEFED ON THE THREAT, SENATOR. I WANT TO REASSURE YOU THAT AGENT DEADPOOL AND I ARE TRAINED FOR THESE EXACT SITUATIONS.
I HAVE EVERY CONFIDENCE IN YOU BOYS.
LIKE I WAS TELLING MY DEAR WIFE JUST THIS MORNING, IF WE ALLOW THESE RADICAL FRINGE GROUPS TO DICTATE POLICY, WE'VE ALREADY LOST.
WE HAVE TO STAND UP, DRAW A LINE, AND SAY NO. NO, SIR, NOT ON *THIS SENATOR'S* WATCH.
VERY WELL PUT, SIR.
I HAVE LOTS OF PATCHES.
WHAT'S THAT, SON?

CODE, SENATOR. AGENT'S CODE.
YOU WON'T SEE US AGAIN, AS WE'LL BE WORKING TO COUNTER ANY TERRORIST ACTIVITY LONG BEFORE IT CAN EVEN MAKE ITS PRESENCE KNOWN.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING.
WHAT THE HELL IS WITH YOU?
YOU NEED TO GET ON POINT HERE.
I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M SAYING THIS, BUT WHERE'S THE OLD CRAZY, WACKY DEADPOOL?
THE TASKMASTER IS MY MOM, BOB.
WHAT?
SAY WHAT?
NOT MY REAL MOM, BUT THE WOMAN WHO RAISED ME FROM A WEE MUSKRAT.

SHE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING I KNOW ABOUT LIFE.
AND BEAR TRAPS.

WHA'?
WHY--
WHY WASN'T I TOLD?

I CAN'T KILL MY MOM, BOB.
SHIT.
SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT.
WAIT HERE, I HAVE TO MAKE A CALL.

SECURE CHANNEL. ACTION OFFICER BOB WITH A CODE RED. REPEAT, *CODE RED.*
HELLO?

COME ON. GUYS?
HELLO?

ALL RIGHT, LOOK. DEADPOOL. WADE.
WE'RE IN A TIGHT SPOT HERE, PAL.

SHE'S NOT *REALLY* YOUR MOM. SH-SHE'S A TERRORIST. AN EVIL AGENT.
OF *HYDRA!*

IN FACT, WHEN I WAS IN HYDRA. BEFORE I CHANGED MY WAYS. I REMEMBER HER SAYING THINGS ABOUT YOU.
BAD THINGS.

SHE MADE FUN OF YOU. LAUGHED AT YOU.

SAID YOU WERE NO SON OF HERS.
I'VE FAILED HER.

WHAT? WAIT. NO, NO!
THAT'S WHY SHE WOULDN'T TALK TO ME.

TALK TO YOU?! TALK TO YOU WHEN?
JUST NOW. SHE WENT PAST.

SHIT.

SORRY, SENATOR, MY CLIENTS WILL JUST NOT TOLERATE AN OPEN BORDER POLICY--
HEY!
HEY, YOURSELF!
DIBS ON HER.
DIBS ON HIM.
BLAM
SPAK
YEEEE-HAAAW!
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

AHHH!

BUDDA BUDDA
MOM...?
...I'M SORRY I FAILED YOUR FINAL TEST...

OVER THESE MANY YEARS, I HAVE TAUGHT YOU A THOUSAND WAYS TO KILL, TORTURE, AND DESTROY.
YOU HAVE DONE EVERYTHING I'VE ASKED. ACHIEVED WHERE ALL OTHERS HAVE FAILED.
ALL THAT IS LEFT IS ONE FINAL MERIT PATCH. ONE FINAL ACHIEVEMENT BEFORE YOU CAN HOLD YOUR HEAD HIGH AND DECLARE YOURSELF A MAN.

THIS IS WRONG.
YOU'RE GONNA WISH YOU AIN'T NEVER PUT ON THAT THAR BULLETPROOF VEST, GOVERNMENT MAN.
÷KAFF KAFF÷
PAY ATTENTION, BOYS. MAMA'S GONNA TEACH YOU HOW TO EVISCERATE A FOOL.
NO, MOTHER.
BOB IS IN MY EMPLOY.
WHAT YOU DO TO HIM, YOU GO THROUGH ME FIRST.
WADE! MY LITTLE BOY! I WAS HOPING THEY'D SEND YOU.

I STILL HAVE YOUR PATCH.
COME. HELP ME SLAUGHTER THESE FOOLS AND TAKE ME TO BED.
COMPLETE YOUR TRAINING.
THIS IS WRONG, MOM.
MY DAD TAUGHT ME MOMS AND SONS--
OH, COME OFF IT, YOU MORON. I'M NOT YOUR *REAL* MOTHER.

REAL ENOUGH TO ME.
REALLY?
THUNK
BUDDA BUDDA
GLUK!
THUNK
YIKES!
HOW SWEET.
SNAP

UNF!

SQUICH
AHHH!

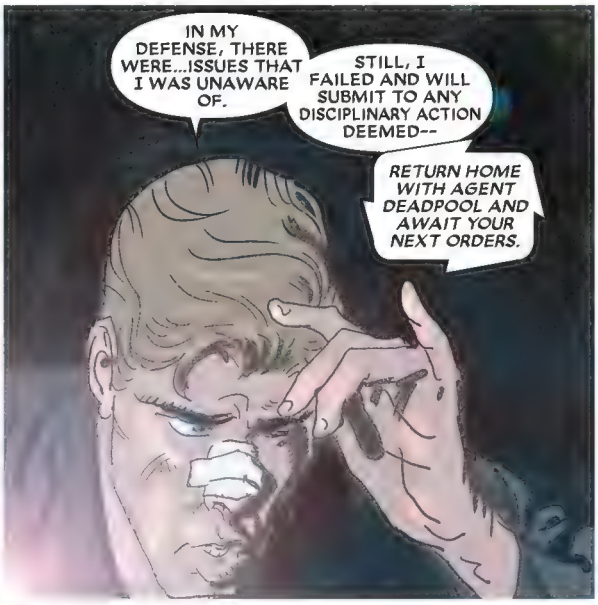
HIYAAA!

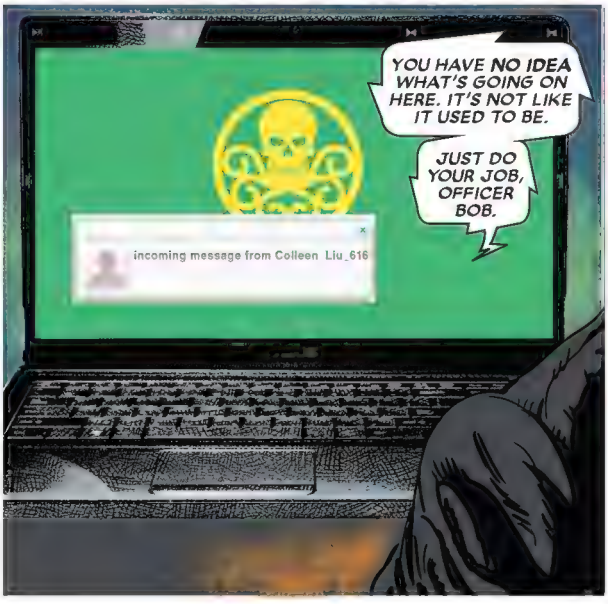
HUGNN!

YOU'RE DONE.
AND YOU'RE A MARVEL.
I COULDN'T BE MORE PROUD IF YOU REALLY DID SPRING FROM MY VERY OWN LOINS.

FORGET PATCHES. YOU'RE A MAN, SON. A DAMN GOOD MAN.
I AM?
THE KIND I'VE BEEN SEARCHING MY WHOLE LIFE FOR.
ARE YOU SURE WE CAN'T...?
MA!
OKAY. YOU WIN.
TAKE THIS...
...YOU'VE EARNED IT.
YOU'VE MADE ME PROUD, MUSKRAT.
AWW, MA...
ZING

SHUK
EEEEEEEEE!
TATA FOR NOW, BOYS.
AHH!
LET'S DO IT AGAIN. REAL SOON.
AWW, DESUS. DAT WHUD A DISASTER.
I'M NOT AS WELL AS I THOUGHT I WAS, HYDRA BOB...
Y'KNOW... I DON' TINK DIS ONE WAS YOUR FAULT.
"SECURE CHANNEL. ACTION OFFICER BOB REPORTING..."

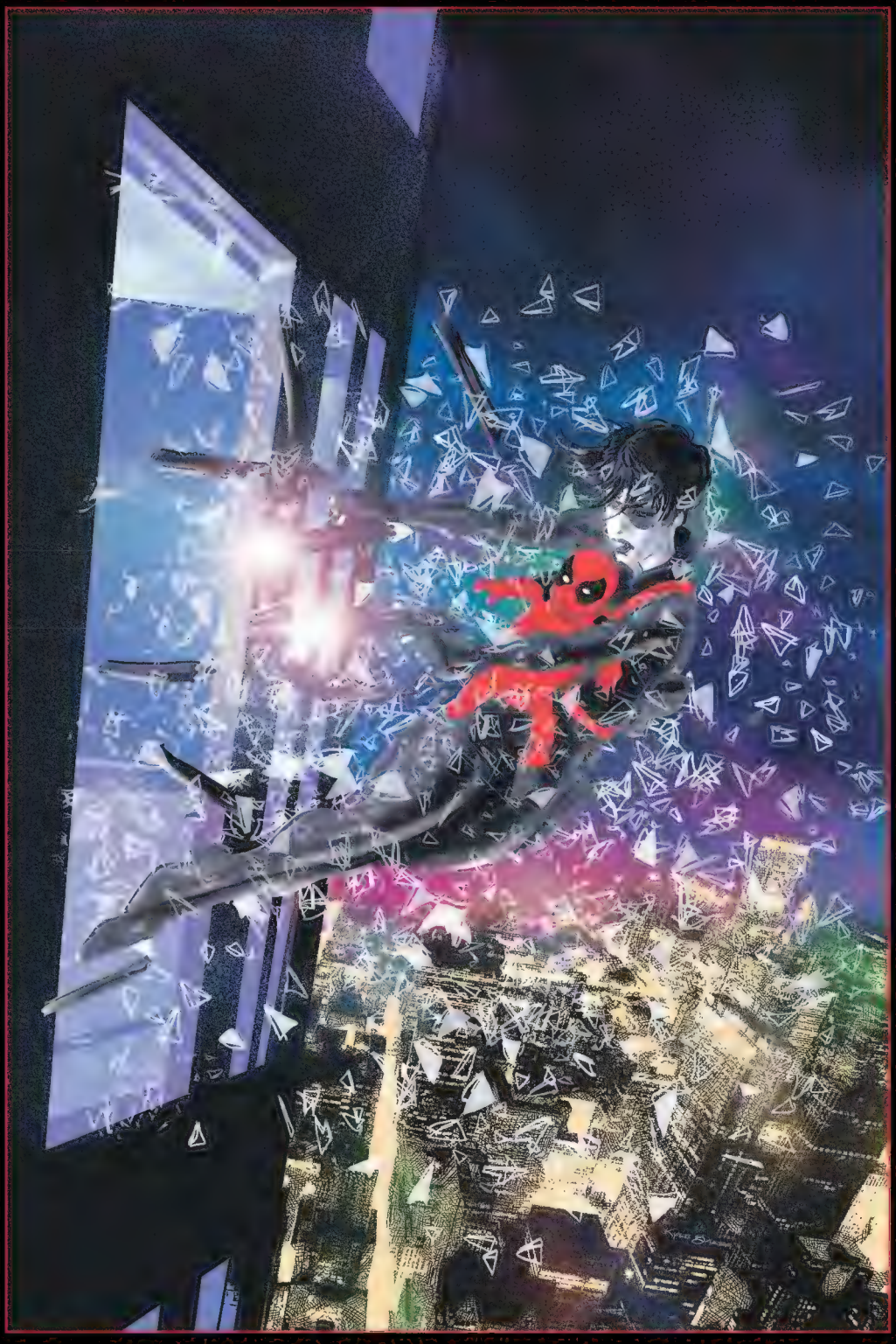

IN MY DEFENSE, THERE WERE...ISSUES THAT I WAS UNAWARE OF.
STILL, I FAILED AND WILL SUBMIT TO ANY DISCIPLINARY ACTION DEEMED--
RETURN HOME WITH AGENT DEADPOOL AND AWAIT YOUR NEXT ORDERS.


YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT'S GOING ON HERE. IT'S NOT LIKE IT USED TO BE.
JUST DO YOUR JOB, OFFICER BOB.
incoming message from Colleen Liu 616

incoming message from Colleen Liu 616
You are being set up.
DON'T CONCERN YOURSELF WITH THINGS THAT ARE NONE OF YOUR CONCERN.

NEXT - LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD.

DEADPOOL MAX #6



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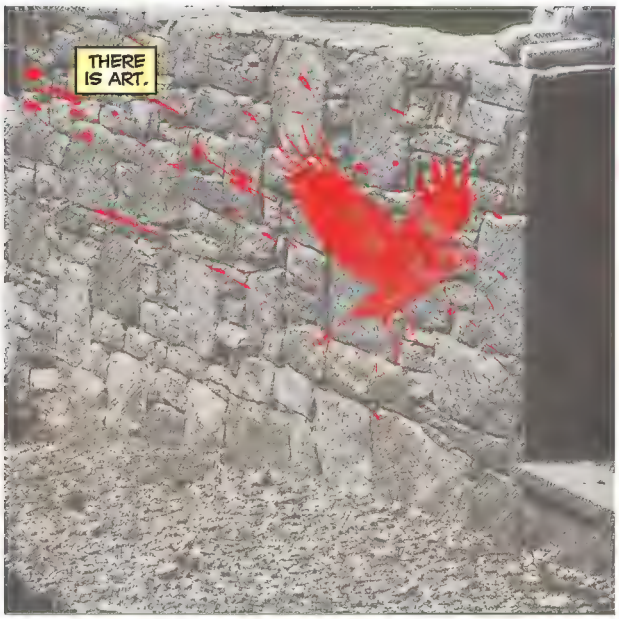
I AM A KILLER.
IN WHAT I DO, THERE IS NOBILITY AND GRACE AND DISCIPLINE.
HIYAA!
KIAHH!


THERE IS ART.

AND YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS OF PSYCHOLOGICAL TORTURE, BRAINWASHING, AND BAD PARENTING.

FROM
I HAVE LEARNED TO HARNESS THESE SKILLS AND APPLY THEM FOR GOOD--
--IN MY NEVER-ENDING FIGHT AGAINST THE GREAT HYDRA.
SPAK
SPK
PING
SPK
BRATATATATATATATATAT
A MULTIFACETED, WORLDWIDE, TERROR ORGANIZATION DEDICATED TO MURDER, MAYHEM, AND SILICONE BOOBS.
SOME SAY MY CAUSE IS HOPELESS.
TO THEM I SAY...
KRAABOOM
...OLÉ.

AND ALSO, SO WHAT?

HUGHLAGHHHH!
LIKE THE MAN SAID, I AM WHAT I AM AND THAT'S ALL THAT I AM.

BLAM
I'M A KILLER.

IT'S ALL I'LL EVER BE.

BOB? BOB, THIS IS DEADPOOL, COME IN, BOB.
TODAY WE'RE ON THE HUNT FOR HYDRA'S NEWEST HEAD.
YES! YES! IT'S ME, BOB. REPORT.
A SLIPPERY BASTARD. CODE NAME: DOMINO.
YOU WERE RIGHT. THE BASTARDS WERE HYDRA THROUGH AND THROUGH.
I'M IN SOME KIND OF LAB, HERE. THEY'RE MAKING ACID SOUP AND WORSE...
...BOB, THERE'S BOOBAGE EVERYWHERE.
DON'T SHOOT ME...
DOMINO'S LEFT A TRAIL OF DEAD AGENTS ACROSS THE GLOBE.
HE'S ALSO KIDNAPPED "BLIND AL," A SENIOR INTELLIGENCE DIRECTOR WITH VITAL INFORMATION ON OUR HOMELAND SECURITY NET.
I'VE SECURED THE BASE AND HAVE NEUTRALIZED JABIR.
WILL NOW PROCEED WITH THE ADMONISHMENTS.
AD--WHATS?!

LOOK AT THIS POOR, SURGICALLY-MARRED WOMAN. LOOK AT HER!
WHY IN HEAVEN'S NAME WOULD YOU WANT TO DO THIS TO A PERFECTLY FINE SET OF BOOBS?!
WHERE'S YOUR DECENCY? WHERE IS YOUR LOVE OF SOFT, JIGGLY THINGS?

PREPARE TO DIE.
DEADPOOL, WAIT!
JABIR HAS INFORMATION WE NEED ABOUT DOMINO'S LOCATION!

TODAY'S YOUR LUCKY DAY, BOOB PEDDLER. BOB SAYS YOU'RE A PERSON OF INTEREST.
I HAVE TO LISTEN TO BOB ON ACCOUNT OF I'M TOO LAZY TO DO MY OWN RESEARCH.
(THANK ALLAH.)

I THINK WE NEED TO REEVALUATE JUST WHO IS HAVING THE LUCK TODAY...
HUH--?
OH, YOWZA!

REPORT, OFFICER BOB.
GOOD NEWS! WE HAVE JABIR IN CUSTODY.
WELL DONE, OFFICER BOB.

IT WAS NOTHING. BANKS LED US TO DEMARCO. DEMARCO TO MARTINEZ. MARTINEZ TO HENKEL. HENKEL TO THE SLOVARSKI BROTHERS...
...AND THROUGH THEM HAMAS AND A DIRECT LEAD TO DOMINO.

WITH DEFT MANIPULATION OF MY AGENT I WAS ABLE TO ELIMINATE THE N.S.A.'S MOST NOTORIOUS MOLE...
...THE HEAD OF THE RHODE ISLAND MAFIA, ARGENTINA'S MOST RUTHLESS CARTEL LEADER, HITLER'S PLUMBER...

GAHH!
...THREE POLISH HITMEN, AND THE LARGEST DISTRIBUTOR OF AFTER-MARKET NERVE GAS.

NOW THE LAST "DOMINO" IS ABOUT TO FALL.
BLIND AL WILL BE BACK IN SAFE HANDS BY NIGHTFALL.
RRRT---

HEH. SEE WHAT I DID THERE?
-SIGH- YES, BOB. I SEE.
CHH--

NAME'S DOMINO, HONEY.
SPELLED I-M Y-O-U-R-S FOREVER.
AND I'M THE LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WHOLE DARN WORLD.
YOU'RE A CHICK! A SUPER-HOT CHICK!
WHY'S A FINE-LOOKING LADY SUCH AS YOURSELF WORKING FOR AN OUTFIT LIKE HYDRA?
HYDRA? WAKE UP, BABY. THERE ISN'T ANY HYDRA.
YOU NEED TO GROW UP AND COME WITH ME TO THE LAND BEYOND THE SUNSET.
WHILE YOU SURE ARE A FINE AND SEXY WOMAN, I ASSURE YOU THE GREAT HYDRA IS AS REAL AS YOUR VERY AMPLE BOSOM.
NOW I'M GOING TO HAVE TO ASK YOU TO GET ON YOUR KNEES AND ASSUME THE POSITION.

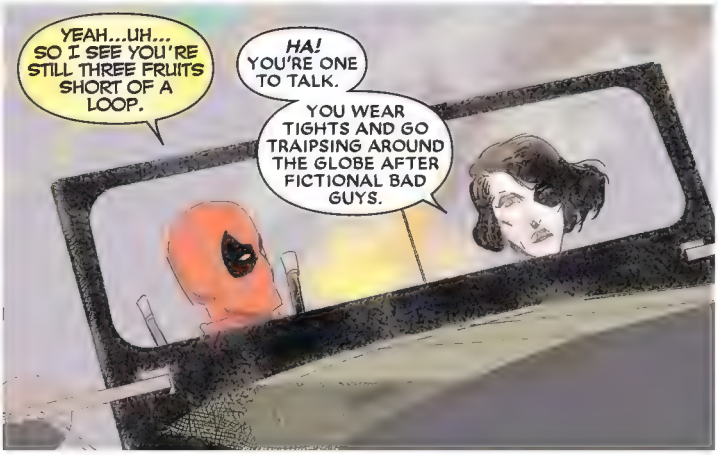
MMMMM... I LIKE THAT, BABY.
BUT ISN'T THAT HOW WE GOT IN THIS MESS?
AND WHAT MESS WOULD THAT BE?
THE TIES THAT BIND, BABY DOLL.
JESUS, PREGGERS, LADY, YOU'RE... UM...I CAN'T SHOOT A--
HEY! DO I KNOW YOU?
CARNALLY.

HOT DAMN, BOB. YOU ARE ONE LUCKY S-O-B.
DEADPOOL! I'M HERE, PAL--
OOOF!
GUHH!
SHIT!
OWW! JESUS! FUCK! GOD!
JABIR? WHAT THE--?
OYE... OHHHH...
DEADPOOL?
BLUB BLUB

SOME MONTHS AGO...
OH, YOU LUSCIOUS HUNK OF CHARRED-UP MAN MEAT.
I NEVER HEARD OF "DEEP PENETRATION THERAPY" BEFORE, DOC.
BUT A FELLA COULD GET USED TO THIS.

TODAY...
IT'S YOU, ISN'T IT? YOU'RE DOCTOR INEZ, THE THERAPIST FROM THE NUTHOUSE?

DON'T SAY THAT NAME. DON'T EVER SAY THAT NAME AGAIN.
MY NAME IS DOMINO.


YEAH...UH... SO I SEE YOU'RE STILL THREE FRUITS SHORT OF A LOOP.
HA! YOU'RE ONE TO TALK.
YOU WEAR TIGHTS AND GO TRAIPSING AROUND THE GLOBE AFTER FICTIONAL BAD GUYS.

YEAH, AND YOU WOULD KNOW. FRESH OUT OF THE BOUNCE ROOM.
LISTEN, SEXY BUNS, I'VE KILLED ENOUGH C.I.A. AGENTS THESE PAST MONTHS TO KNOW THAT, IF HYDRA WERE REAL, I'D KNOW ABOUT IT. AS YOUR THERAPIST, I'M HERE TO INFORM YOU THAT'S JUST YOUR CRAZY TALKING.
WELL, ANSWER ME THIS. IF YOU'RE NOT DR. INEZ, THEN HOW ARE YOU MY THERAPIST?
WOO!
DON'T SAY THAT NAME!
SWING
INEZ WAS ALWAYS THE PERFECT GIRL FOR ME.
SHE WAS ABUSED AND SCARRED AND REAL PRETTY.

AND SHE DIDN'T RUN SCREAMING WHEN I TOOK MY MASK OFF.
YOU OKAY?
YOU SHOULDN'T BE PULLING STUNTS LIKE THAT IN YOUR CONDITION.

RRAHH!
LOOK, INE-- DOMINO, CALM DOWN. LET'S TALK ABOUT THIS.
OUR ONLY PROBLEM EVER WAS THAT SHE WAS NUTS.

YOU BASTARD!
YOU SLEPT WITH LOTS OF GUYS, BABY.
HOW DO YOU EVEN KNOW IT'S MINE?

BECAUSE I TOOK MY DIAPHRAGM OUT FOR YOU, YOU SON OF A BITCH!
BLAM

OH, BOY, DID I FEEL STUPID.
I KNEW BETTER.

I EVEN HAD MY ALWAYS USE A CONDOM MERIT PATCH FROM BACK IN MUSKRAT SCOUTS.

I STUDIED HARD FOR THAT.
SO I'VE GOT NOBODY TO BLAME BUT MYSELF.
OH, HEY! DOMINO! WHOA! WHOA! WHOA!
BASTARD...
SHING
KILL US ALL...
IT'S OKAY, BABY.
Y'GOT ME.
OH, BABY...
AND NO CHOICE BUT TO DO THE RIGHT THING.
SMOOCH
BOOM
...I REALLY AM THE LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WHOLE DARN WORLD.

〈LISTEN TO ME, YOU MURDERING TERRORIST SON OF A BITCH...〉
〈...YOU'VE GOT THREE SECONDS TO TELL ME WHERE MY AGENT IS BEFORE I SEND BITS OF YOUR BRAIN TO MEET ALLAH.〉
〈AHHK! I'M NO JIHADIST! I WORK FOR A LIVING.〉
〈IT WAS THE WOMAN. DOMINO.〉
〈DOMINO'S A WOMAN?〉
〈A VERY SEXY WOMAN.〉
〈SHE SHOW YOUR FRIEND HER BELLY AND THEY WENT OFF TOGETHER.〉
THAT HORNY FUCKING BASTARD....
〈WHERE'S THE INTELLIGENCE DIRECTOR BLIND AL? WHERE IS SHE?〉
AHHH!
〈I DON'T KNOW!〉

(WE NEGOTIATED, BUT I GET NOTHING FROM HER. I SWEAR!)
(I GAVE HER MONEY, A JEEP. I PUT HER UP IN THE HOTEL--)
HOTEL? WHAT HOTEL?
(WHAT HOTEL?)
(A VERY NICE HOTEL...)
I'M NOT THE EASIEST MAN TO TRACK DOWN. HOW'D YOU DO IT, BABY?

I TOLD YOU, I'M LUCKY.
ALSO, I FOLLOWED THAT EMPLOYEE OF YOURS. BOB.

"I BROKE INTO HIS PLACE AND FOUND ALL THIS HIGH-TECH SPY GEAR.
"I HAD HIS COMPUTER HACKED BY THIS GUY I...USED TO SLEEP WITH.

"HE FOUND OUT THAT BOB WORKS FOR A BLACK OPS BRANCH OF THE C.I.A."

BOB'S YOUR HANDLER. YOU ACTUALLY WORK FOR HIM, BY THE WAY.
REALLY? WOW.

HE MADE UP THIS HYDRA THING TO MANIPULATE YOU INTO KILLING PEOPLE FOR THE GOVERNMENT.
I WAS ABLE TO GET SOME NAMES OF OTHER AGENTS, AND I TRACKED THEM DOWN AND SLEPT WITH MOST OF THEM.

"I LEARNED THAT THEY'RE SETTING UP A SHADOW GOVERNMENT TO REDISTRIBUTE WEALTH FROM THE POOR TO THE RICH."

LIKE A KIND OF REVERSE ROBIN HOOD.
I LIKE ROBIN HOOD.
ME TOO!

"THEY BRAINWASHED YOU IN THIS CRAZY PROGRAM CALLED *THE DEADPOOL.*"

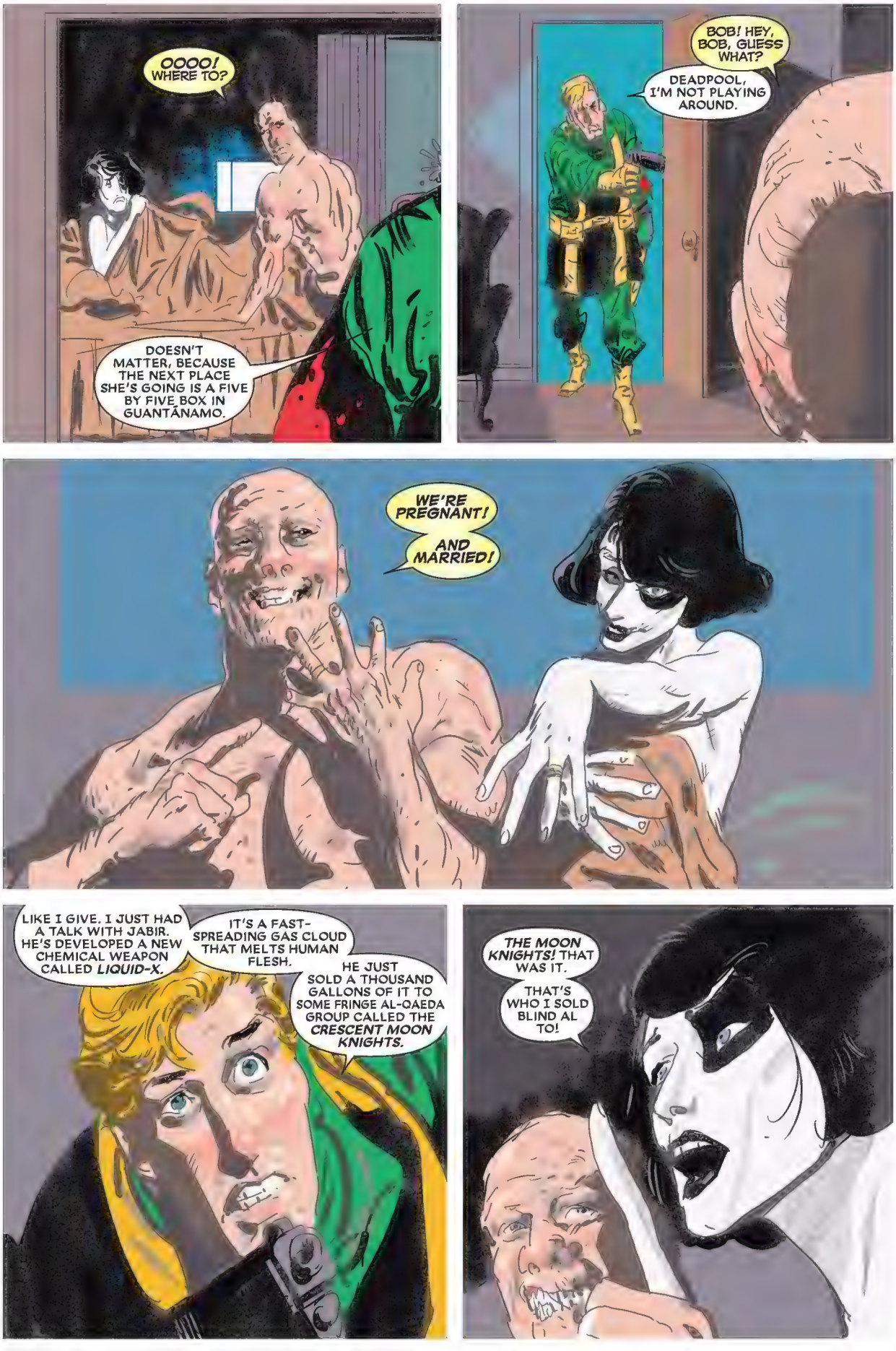
THEY FUCKED UP YOUR HEAD, AND NOW THEY'RE USING YOU TO KILL THEIR ENEMIES.

YOU WERE LIKE THE BEST ONE. THAT'S WHY THEY GAVE YOU THE PRIME NAME.
AWW...

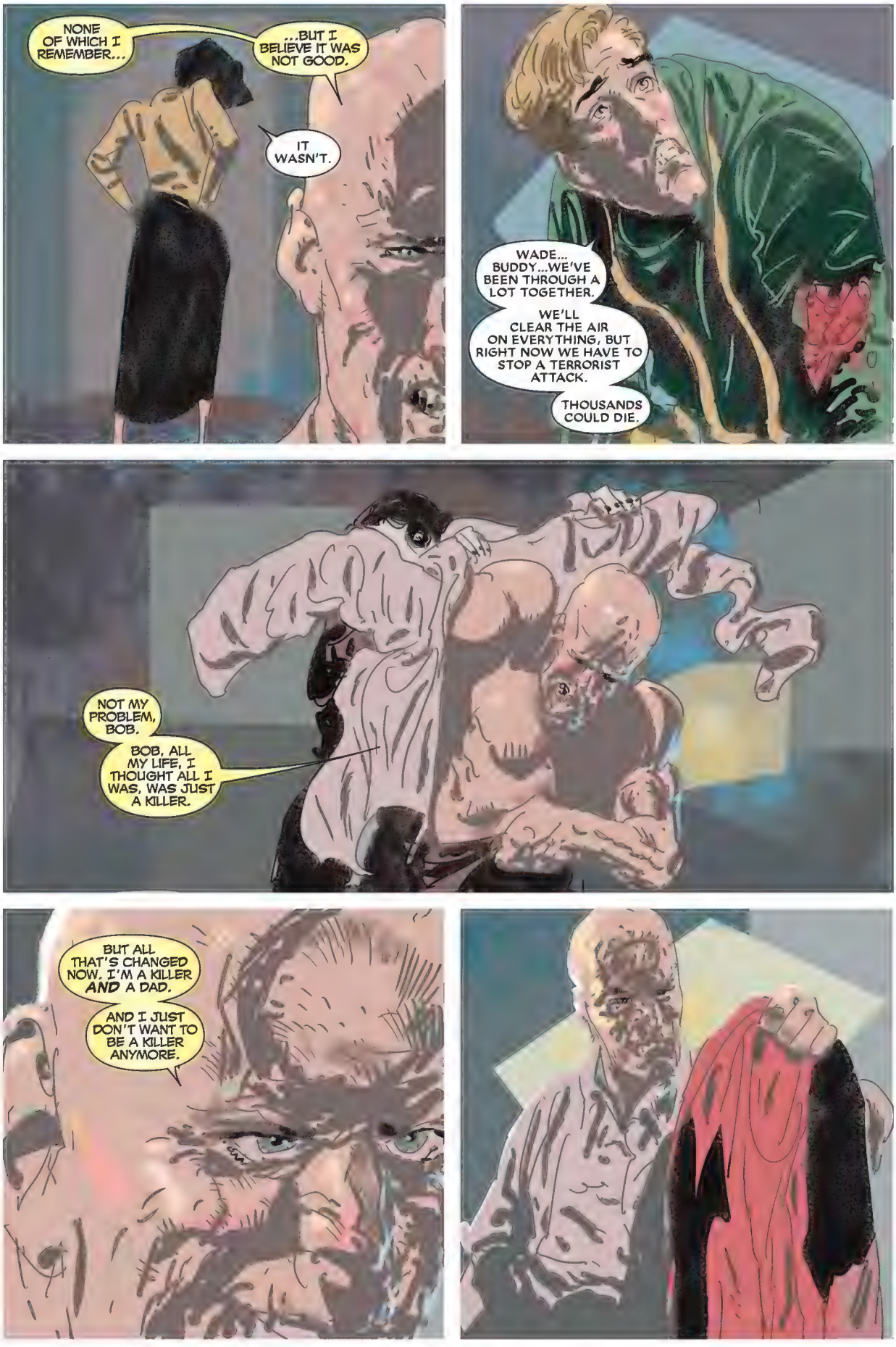
"SO FROM THERE IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO START KILLING AGENTS.
"THEN I KIDNAPPED THE DIRECTOR OF THE PROGRAM, FIGURING THEY'D SEND *YOU* AFTER ME."

AND THEY DID!
AND NOW YOU CAN STICK YOUR WILLY IN ME AGAIN AND MAKE ME A VERY HAPPY WOMAN, PLEASE.

WOW. YOU MAY BE CRAZY, BUT DANG IF YOU AREN'T THE SMARTEST PERSON I EVER MET.
SO THIS INTELLIGENCE DIRECTOR, BLIND AL, THAT BOB AND I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR...
...WHERE DO YOU HAVE HER STASHED?
OH, SMACK. I SOLD HER ASS TO THESE AL-QAEDA OFFSHOOT GUYS WEEKS AGO.
THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE MOON...
...MOON SOMETHINGS.
I'VE JUST BEEN GOING AROUND MILKING THESE OTHER IDIOTS FOR HOTEL ROOMS AND CASH.
WHAT YOU DO THAT FOR?
FOR THESE.
HONEYMOON TICKETS!


OOOO! WHERE TO?
DOESN'T MATTER, BECAUSE THE NEXT PLACE SHE'S GOING IS A FIVE BY FIVE BOX IN GUANTÁNAMO.
BOB! HEY, BOB, GUESS WHAT?
DEADPOOL, I'M NOT PLAYING AROUND.
WE'RE PREGNANT!
AND MARRIED!
LIKE I GIVE. I JUST HAD A TALK WITH JABIR. HE'S DEVELOPED A NEW CHEMICAL WEAPON CALLED *LIQUID-X*.
IT'S A FAST-SPREADING GAS CLOUD THAT MELTS HUMAN FLESH.
HE JUST SOLD A THOUSAND GALLONS OF IT TO SOME FRINGE AL-QAEDA GROUP CALLED THE *CRESCENT MOON KNIGHTS*.
THE MOON KNIGHTS! THAT WAS IT.
THAT'S WHO I SOLD BLIND AL TO!

FUCK.
THEY PAID REAL WELL, TOO. A HUNDRED BUCKS!
THEY'RE PROBABLY LAUNCHING AN ATTACK RIGHT NOW!
DEADPOOL, MAN, I NEED YOU TO REDEEM YOURSELF HERE. WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM, OR WE'RE DEAD MEAT.
YOU MEAN *YOU'RE* DEAD MEAT.
LISTEN, YOUR BOSSES *WANT* A NEW BIG ATTACK ANYWAY. THEY'VE SET YOU UP AS A PATSY IF SOMETHING HAPPENS.
SO THIS IS REALLY KINDA YOUR PROBLEM.
WADE, ARE YOU LISTENING TO THIS CRAP?
YOUR BABY MAMA IS KOOKOO IN THE CABEZA, WADE.
COME ON, HON. WE GOT US A HONEYMOON TO GET ON, AND A KID TO RAISE, RIGHT?
WADE?
WELL, BOB. I'VE JUST LEARNED SOME HIGHLY UNFLATTERING THINGS ABOUT OUR RELATIONSHIP.


NONE OF WHICH I REMEMBER...
...BUT I BELIEVE IT WAS NOT GOOD.
IT WASN'T.
WADE... BUDDY...WE'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT TOGETHER.
WE'LL CLEAR THE AIR ON EVERYTHING, BUT RIGHT NOW WE HAVE TO STOP A TERRORIST ATTACK.
THOUSANDS COULD DIE.
NOT MY PROBLEM, BOB.
BOB, ALL MY LIFE, I THOUGHT ALL I WAS, WAS JUST A KILLER.
BUT ALL THAT'S CHANGED NOW. I'M A KILLER AND A DAD.
AND I JUST DON'T WANT TO BE A KILLER ANYMORE.

HERE YOU GO, BUDDY. IT'S ALL YOURS.
I CHRISTEN YOU THE NEW DEADPOOL.
YOU EARNED IT.
ME? I QUIT.
COME ON, HONEY.
LET'S GO FIND THAT SUNSET.
DOMINO EFFECT
NEXT: HONEYMOON IN WAIKIKI...
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DEADPOOL MAX #7

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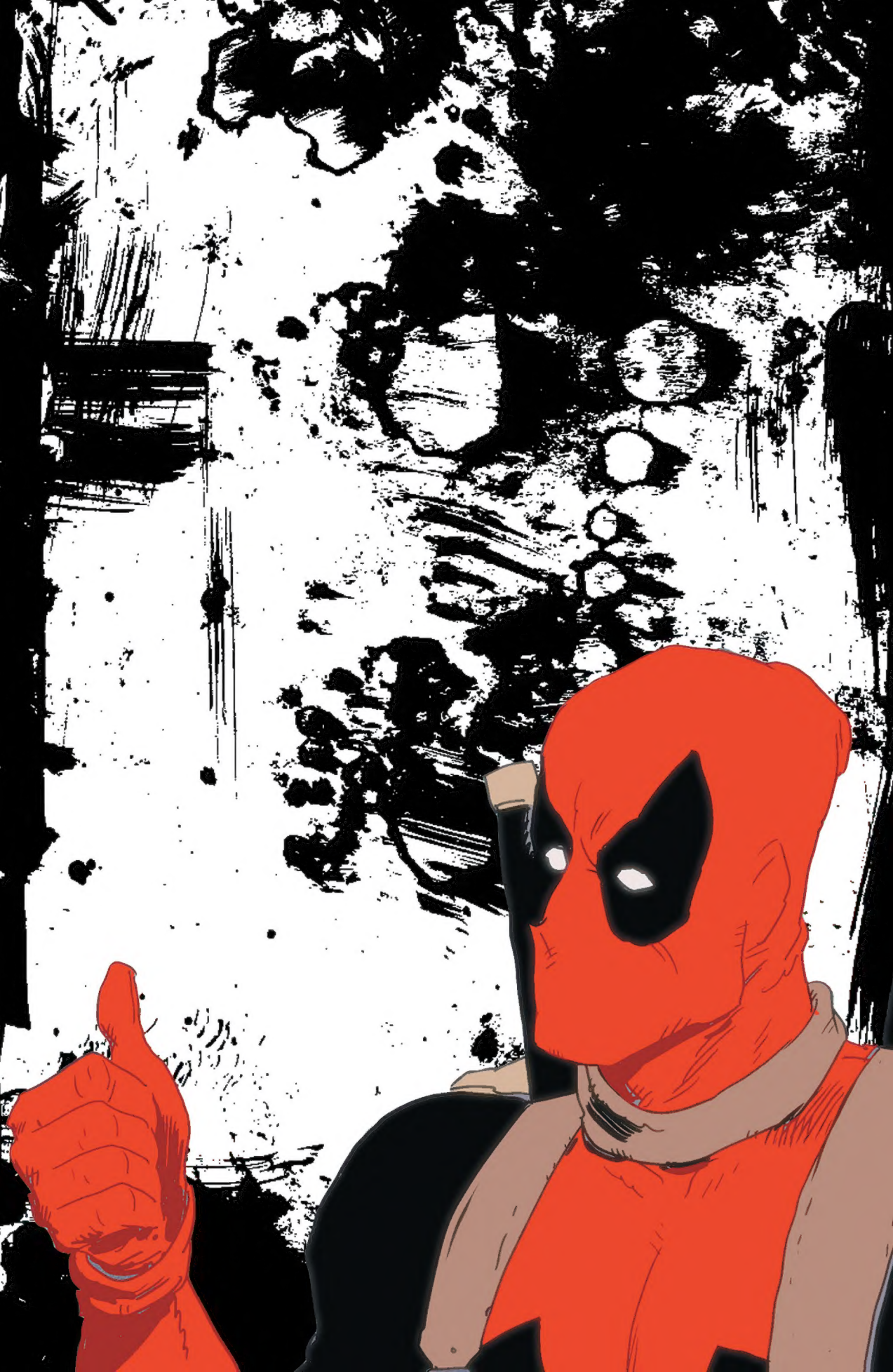

It's Deadpool uncensored!

Government agent Wade Wilson is too valuable an assassin for the brass not to take advantage of, but the unstable killer needs the guidance of a steady hand to be effective. It's Bob's job to make sure Deadpool completes his missions — by any means necessary. Unfortunately, Deadpool considers him something of a sidekick, and it's always the sidekick who takes one for the team. And Bob's got the bruises and mental scars to prove it.

Bob manages to keep Wade focused on the likes of Hammerhead, Baron Zemo and the Taskmaster — and although he gets a glimpse of the assassin's tragic upbringing, it becomes clear Deadpool isn't the only damaged goods in this duo.

Collecting *Deadpool MAX #1-6*, written by David Lapham and illustrated by Kyle Baker.

EXPLICIT CONTENT

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